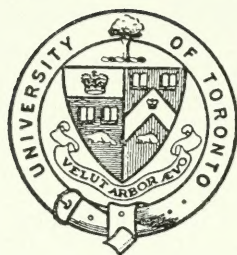




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THE AGAMEMNON
OF
AESCHYLUS

AS PERFORMED AT CAMBRIDGE
NOVEMBER 16—21, 1900.

WITH THE VERSE TRANSLATION

BY

MISS ANNA SWANWICK.

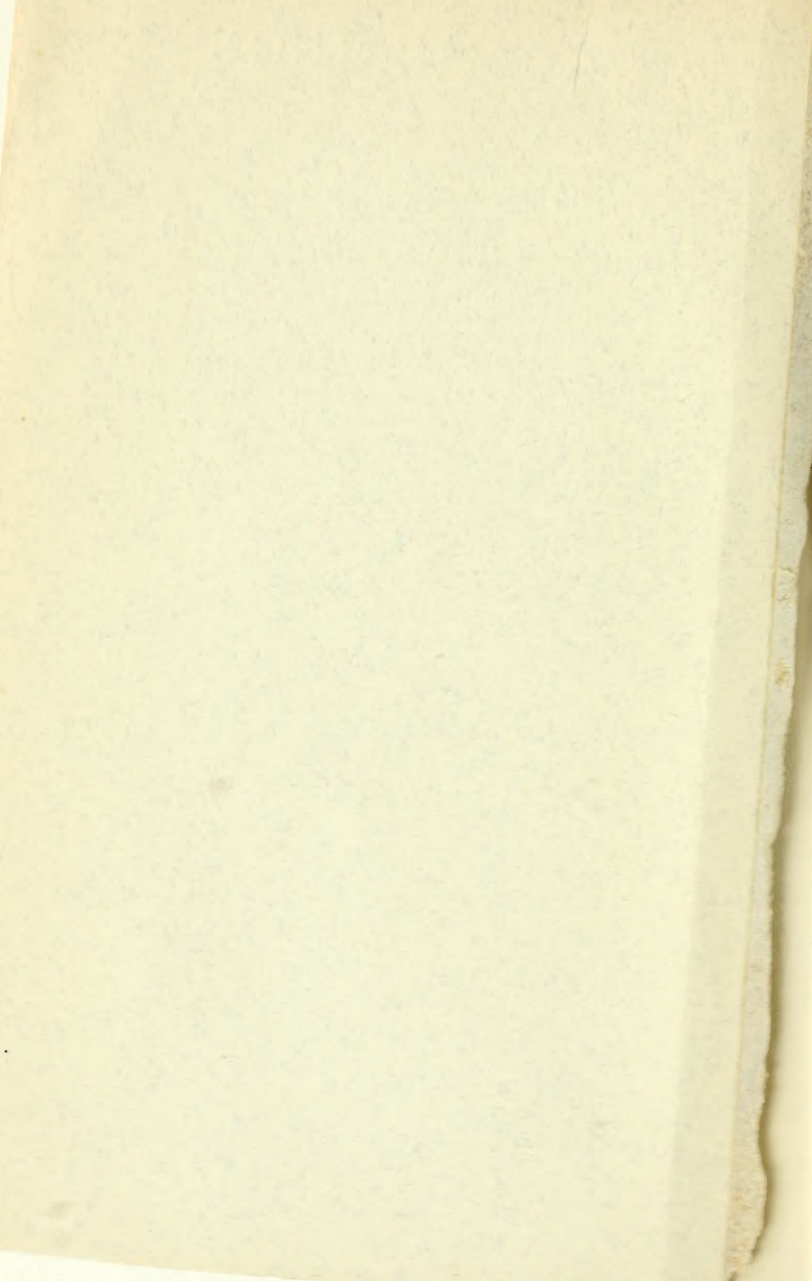
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ΦΥΛΑΞ

ΚΗΡΥΞ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

CHARACTERS.

Agamemnon	...	..	Mr H. H. KING, Pembroke College.
Clytaemnestra	...		Mr F. H. LUCAS, Trinity College.
Cassandra	...	...	Mr J. F. CRACE, King's College.
Aegisthus	...	...	Mr I. G. BACK, Trinity Hall.
A Watchman	...	...	Mr E. S. MONTAGU, Trinity College.
A Herald	...	...	Mr E. L. WATT, Trinity Hall.
Leader of the Chorus			Mr F. SIDGWICK, Trinity College.

Chorus of Argive Elders, Attendants on Clytaemnestra,
Guards, Citizens of Argos.

The three plays dealing with the story of Agamemnon, viz. the *Agamemnon*, the *Choëphoroe*, and the *Eumenides*, were represented at Athens B.C. 458. The poet won the first prize.

ARGUMENT.

CLYTAEMNESTRA, in the absence of her husband Agamemnon at the siege of Troy, has been ruling Argos for ten years with her paramour Aegisthus, and is expecting the news of the fall of Troy, which is to be announced by beacon-fires.

Act I. The first scene is on the roof of the palace, where the watchman awaits the signal. The beacon-fire flares up, and he goes to tell the queen. In the second scene the Chorus sing the story of the sacrifice of Iphigeneia, the daughter of Clytaemnestra. The queen appears, and announces the news of the fall of Troy to the Chorus, who sing first a thanksgiving, and then the fate of Paris. A Herald enters, and after describing the sufferings at Troy, and the storm which has shattered the fleet, is sent by the queen to greet Agamemnon. Another choric song concludes the Act.

Act II. The Chorus sing a welcome to Agamemnon, who enters in triumph with Cassandra crouching at his feet. He is met by Clytaemnestra,

who greets him and lures him into the palace. Soon the queen returns, orders Cassandra to follow her, and retires. Cassandra breaks into cries of inspiration, and at length utters a prophecy, foretelling death to Agamemnon and herself, and enters the palace.

Act III. After a short choric song of doubt, the death-cry of Agamemnon is heard. The Chorus are hurriedly consulting, when the palace-doors are suddenly thrown open, and Clytaemnestra, with a weapon in her hand, is seen standing over the bodies of Agamemnon and Cassandra. The queen justifies her deed ; it is the avenging of Iphigeneia. Aegisthus enters and defies the Chorus, who upbraid him for cowardice ; the strife is quelled at length by the queen, who leads Aegisthus into the palace.

THE AGAMEMNON

OF

AESCHYLUS



ACT I.

SCENE I. *The roof of the palace of AGAMEMNON at Argos. A WATCHMAN is discovered. Night.*

WATCHMAN.

I PRAY the gods deliverance from these toils,
Release from year-long watch, which, couch'd aloft
On these Atreidan roofs, dog-like, I keep,
Marking the stars which nightly congregate;
And those bright potentates who bring to mortals
Winter and summer, signal in the sky,
What time they wane I note, their risings too.
And for the beacon's token now I watch,
The blaze of fire, bearing from Troy a tale,
Tidings of capture; for so proudly hopes
A woman's heart, with manly counsel fraught.
Dew-drenched and restless is my nightly couch,
By dreams unvisited, for at my side,
Fear stands, in place of sleep, nor suffers me
Soundly, in slumberous rest, my lids to close.
Then when I think to chant a strain, or hum,
(Such against sleep may tuneful counter-charm,)



ACT I.

SCENE I. *The roof of the palace of AGAMEMNON at Argos. A WATCHMAN is discovered. Night.*

ΦΥΛΑΞ.

Θεοὺς μὲν αἰτῶ τῶνδ' ἀπαλλαγὴν πόνων,
φρουρᾶς ἐτείας μῆκος, ἣν κοιμώμενος
στέγαις Ἀτρειδῶν ἄγκαθεν, κυνὸς δίκην,
ἄστρον κάτοιδα νυκτέρων ὁμήγυριν,
καὶ τοὺς φέροντας χεῖμα καὶ θέρος βροτοῖς
λάμπροὺς δυνάστας, ἐμπρέποντας αἰθέρι.
καὶ νῦν φυλάσσω λαμπάδος τὸ σύμβολον,
αὐγὴν πυρὸς φέρουσιν ἐκ Τροίας φάτιν
ἁλώσιμόν τε βάξιν· ὧδε γὰρ κρατεῖ
γυναικὸς ἀνδρόβουλον ἐλπίζον κέαρ.
εὖτ' ἂν δὲ νυκτίπλαγκτον ἔνδροσόν τ' ἔχω
εὐνὴν ὀνείροις οὐκ ἐπισκοπούμενην
ἐμήν· φόβος γὰρ ἄνθ' ὕπνου παραστατεῖ,
τὸ μὴ βεβαίως βλέφαρα συμβαλεῖν ὕπνῳ·
ὅταν δ' αἰεῖδεν ἢ μινύρεσθαι δοκῶ,
ὕπνου τόδ' ἀντίμολπον ἐντέμνων ἄκος,

Moaning, I wail the sorrows of this house,
Not wisely governed as in days of old.
But may glad respite from these toils be mine,
When fire, joy's herald, through the darkness gleams.

A beacon-fire appears in the distance.

Hail lamp of night, forth shining like the day,
Of many a festive dance in Argos' land,
Through joy at this event, the harbinger.
Hurrah! Hurrah! To Agamemnon's queen,
Thus with shrill cry I give th' appointed sign,
That from her couch up-rising with all speed,
She in the palace jubilant may lift
The joyous shout, to gratulate this torch,
If Ilion's citadel in truth is ta'en,
As, shining forth, this beacon-fire proclaims.
The joyous prelude I myself will dance,
For to my lords good fortune I shall score,
Now that this torch hath cast me triple six.
Well! be it mine, when comes this mansion's lord,
In this my hand his much-loved hand to hold!
The rest I speak not; o'er my tongue hath passed
An ox with heavy tread: the house itself,
Had it a voice, would tell the tale full clear;
And I, with those who know, am fain to speak,
With others, who know nothing, I forget.

[Exit.]

κλαίω τότ' οἴκου τοῦδε συμφορὰν στένων,
οὐχ ὥς τὰ πρόσθ' ἄριστα διαπονουμένου.
νῦν δ' εὐτυχῆς γένοιτ' ἀπαλλαγὴ πόνων
εὐαγγέλου φανέντος ὀρφναίου πυρός.

A beacon-fire appears in the distance.

ὦ χαῖρε λαμπτήρ νυκτός, ἡμερήσιον
φάος πιφαύσκων καὶ χορῶν κατάστασιν
πολλῶν ἐν Ἀργεῖ, τῆσδε συμφορᾶς χάριν.
ιοῦ ιοῦ.

Ἀγαμέμνωνος γυναικὶ σημαίνω τορῶς
εὐνῆς ἐπαντείλασαν ὥς τάχος δόμοις
ὀλολυγμὸν εὐφημοῦντα τῇδε λαμπάδι
ἐπορθιάζειν, εἴπερ Ἰλίου πόλις
ἐάλωκεν, ὥς ὁ φρυκτὸς ἀγγέλλων πρέπει.
αὐτός τ' ἔγωγε φροῖμιον χορεύσομαι.
τὰ δεσποτῶν γὰρ εὖ πεσόντα θήσομαι
τρὶς ἐξ βαλούσης τῆσδέ μοι φρυκτωρίας.
γένοιτο δ' οὖν μολόντος εὐφιλῇ χέρα
ἄνακτος οἴκων τῇδε βαστάσαι χερί.
τὰ δ' ἄλλα σιγῶ· βοῦς ἐπὶ γλώσση μέγας
βέβηκεν· οἶκος δ' αὐτός· εἰ φθογγὴν λάβοι,
σαφέστατ' ἂν λέξειεν· ὥς ἐκὼν ἐγὼ
μαθοῦσιν αὐδῶ κού μαθοῦσι λήθομαι.

SCENE II. *The court of the palace of AGAMEMNON
at Argos.*

It is night, but daybreak is at hand.

Enter the CHORUS OF ARGIVE ELDERS.

Cho. Lo, the tenth year rolls apace
Since Priam's mighty challenger,
Lord Menelas and Atreus' heir,
Stalwart Atridae,—by heaven's grace
Twin-throned, twin-sceptred,—from this land
A thousand sail, with Argives manned,
Unmoor'd,—a martial armament,
Warriors on just reprisal bent,
Fierce battle clanging from their breast,
Like vultures of their young bereaved,
Who, for their nestlings sorely grieved,
Wheel, eddying high above their nest,
By oarage of strong pennons driven,
Missing the eyrie-watching care
Of callow fledglings; but from heaven,
Some guilt-avenging deity,
Of all-retrieving Zeus, doth lend
An ear attentive to the cry
Of birds, shrill-wailing, sore-distrest,
And doth upon the guilty send
Erinys, late-avenging pest.
So for the dame, by many wooed,
Doth mighty Zeus, who shields the guest,
'Gainst Paris send th' Atridan brood;
Struggles limb-wearing, knees earth-pressed

SCENE II. *The court of the palace of AGAMEMNON
at Argos.*

It is night, but daybreak is at hand.

Enter the CHORUS OF ARGIVE ELDERS.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

δέκατον μὲν ἔτος τόδ' ἐπεὶ Πριάμου
μέγας ἀντίδικος,
Μενέλαος ἄναξ ἡδ' Ἀγαμέμνων,
διθρόνου Διόθεν καὶ δισκήπτρου
τιμῆς ὀχυρὸν ζεῦγος Ἀτρειδᾶν
στόλον Ἀργείων χιλιοναύτην
τῇσδ' ἀπὸ χώρας

ἦραν, στρατιῶτιν ἄρωγῇν,
μέγαν ἐκ θυμοῦ κλάζοντες Ἄρη,
τρόπον αἰγυπιῶν, οἷτ' ἐκπατίοις
ἄλγεσι παίδων ὕπατοι λεχέων
στροφοδινοῦνται
πτερύγων ἐρετμοῖσιν ἐρεσσόμενοι,
δεμνιοτήρη

πόνον ὀρταλίχων ὀλέσαντες·
ὕπατος δ' αἶων ἢ τις Ἀπόλλων
ἢ Πᾶν ἢ Ζεὺς οἰωνόθροον
γόον ὀξυβόαν τῶνδε μετοίκων
ὑστερόποινον

πέμπει παραβᾶσιν Ἑρινύν.
οὕτω δ' Ἀτρέως παῖδας ὁ κρείσσων
ἐπ' Ἀλεξάνδρῳ πέμπει ξένιος
Ζεὺς πολυάνορος ἀμφὶ γυναικὸς,
πολλὰ παλαίσματα καὶ γυνοβαρῇ,

The spear-shaft, rudely snapt in twain
In war's initial battle,—these
For Danaï as for Trojans he decrees.
As matters stand, they stand; the yet to be
Must issue as ordained by destiny.
Nor altar fires, nor lustral rain
Poured forth, nor tear-drops shed in vain,
The wrath relentless can appease
Of violated sanctities.

Enter CLYTAEMNESTRA from the Palace attended. She offers incense on the altar in front of the Palace.

But we, unhonoured, weak of frame,
Excluded from that proud array,
Tarry at home, and, age-oppressed,
On staves our child-like strength we lean;
In tender years and age, the same,
Life's current feebly sways the breast;
His station Ares holds no more;
Decrepid Eld, with leafage hoar,
No stronger than a child for war,
Treadeth his triple-footed way,
Like dream in daylight seen.
But Clytaemnestra, thou,
Tyndareus' daughter, Argos' queen,
What hath befallen? What hast heard?
Confiding in what tidings now
Sendest thou round the altar-kindling word?
Of all the gods who guard the state,
Supernal, or of realms below,
In heaven, or in the mart who wait,
With gifts the altars glow.

γόνατος κονίαισιν ἐρειδομένου
 διακναιομένης τ' ἐν προτελείοις
 κάμακος θήσων Δαναοῖσι
 Τρωσί θ' ὁμοίως. ἔστι δ' ὅπη νῦν
 ἔστι· τελεῖται δ' ἐς τὸ πεπρωμένον·
 οὔθ' ὑποκαίων οὔθ' ὑπολείβων
 οὔτε δακρύων ἀπύρων ἱερῶν
 ὀργὰς ἀτενεῖς παραθέλξει.

Enter CLYTAEMNESTRA from the Palace attended. She offers incense on the altar in front of the Palace.

ἡμεῖς δ' ἀτίται σαρκὶ παλαιᾷ
 τῆς τότ' ἀρωγῆς ὑπολειφθέντες
 μίμνομεν ἰσχὺν
 ἰσόπαιδα νέμοντες ἐπὶ σκήπτροις.
 ὃ τε γὰρ νεαρὸς μυελὸς στέρνων
 ἐντὸς ἀνάσσω
 ἰσόπρεσβυς, Ἄρης δ' οὐκ ἔνι χώρα,
 τό θ' ὑπέργηρων φυλλάδος ἥδη
 κατακαρφομένης τρίποδας μὲν ὁδοὺς
 στείχει, παιδὸς δ' οὐδὲν ἀρείων
 ὄναρ ἡμερόφαντον ἀλαΐνει.
 σὺ δέ, Τυνδάρω
 θύγατερ, βασιλεια Κλυταιμῆστρα,
 τί χρέος; τί νέον; τί δ' ἐπαισθομένη,
 τίνος ἀγγελίας
 πευθοῖ περίπεμπτα θυοσκεῖς;
 πάντων δὲ θεῶν τῶν ἀστυνόμων,
 ὑπάτων, χθονίων,
 τῶν τ' οὐρανίων τῶν τ' ἀγοραίων,
 βωμοὶ δώροισι φλέγονται·

Now here, now yonder, doth a torch arise,
Streaming aloft to reach the skies,
Charmed with pure unguent's soothing spell,
Guileless and suasive, from the royal cell.

What here 'tis lawful to declare,
What may be told proclaim;
Be healer of this care
Which now a lowering form doth wear,
Till fawning Hope, from out the flame
Of sacrifice, with gentle smile
Doth sateless grief's soul-gnawing pang beguile.

Exit CLYTAEMNESTRA.

The way-side omen mine it is to sing,
The leaders' prosperous might fore-shadowing,
For still my age, unquenched its natal power,
Doth suasive song inspire, a heaven-sent dower,
How the rapacious bird, the feathered king,
Sends forth against the Teucrid land,
With spear and with avenging hand,
Achaia's double-thronèd Might,
Accordant chiefs of Hellas' martial flower.
Toward spear-poising hand, the palace near,
On lofty station, manifest to sight,
The bird-kings to the navy-kings appear,
One black, and one with hinder plumage white;
A hare with embryo young, in evil hour,
Amerced of future courses, they devour.
Chant the dirge, uplift the wail!
But may the right prevail!

ἄλλη δ' ἄλλοθεν οὐρανομήκης
 λαμπὰς ἀνίσχει,
 φαρμασσομένη χρίματος ἀγνοῦ
 μαλακαῖς ἀδόλοισι παρηγορίαις,
 πελάνῳ μυχόθεν βασιλείῳ.
 τούτων λέξασ' ὅτι καὶ δυνατὸν
 καὶ θέμις αἰνεῖν,
 παιῶν τε γενοῦ τῇσδε μερίμνης,
 ἢ νῦν τοτὲ μὲν κακόφρων τελέθει,
 τοτὲ δ' ἐκ θυσιῶν ἀγανὴ φαίνουσ'
 ἐλπίς ἀμύνει φροντίδ' ἄπληστον
 τῆς θυμοβόρου φρένα λύπης.

Exit CLYTAEMNESTRA.

κύριός εἰμι θροεῖν ὄδιον κράτος αἴσιον ἀνδρῶν
 ἐκτελέων· ἔτι γὰρ θεόθεν καταπνείει [στρ. α'.
 πειθοῖ μολπᾶν
 ἀλκὰν σύμφυτος αἰών·
 ὅπως Ἀχαιῶν
 δίθρονον κράτος, Ἑλλάδος ἥβας
 ξύμφρονε ταγώ,
 πέμπει σὺν δορὶ καὶ χερὶ πράκτορι
 θούριος ὄρνις Τευκρίδ' ἐπ' αἶαν,
 οἰωνῶν βασιλεὺς βασιλεῦσι νε-
 ῶν ὁ κελαινός, ὃ τ' ἐξόπιν ἀργᾶς,
 φανέντες ἵκταρ μελάθρων
 χερὸς ἐκ δοριπάλτου
 παμπρέπτοις ἐν ἔδραισι,
 βοσκόμενοι λαγίναν, ἐρικύμονα φέρματα, γένναν,
 βλαβέντα λιοισθίων δρόμων.
 αἴλινον αἴλινον εἶπέ, τὸ δ' εὖ νικάτω.

Then the sagacious army-seer, aware
How diverse-minded the Atridan kings,
In the hare-renders sees the martial pair,
And thus, the augury expounding, sings;—
“Priam’s stronghold in time this martial raid

 Captures, but first the city’s store,
 The people’s wealth, shall fate destroy;
 Now from no god may jealous ire
O’ercloud the mighty curb forged against Troy,
Marshalled for battle; for the holy Maid
Is angered at the house, since of her sire
The wingèd hounds the wretched trembler tare,
Mother and young unborn, her special care;
Therefore doth she the eagles’ meal abhor.

 Chant the dirge, uplift the wail!

 But may the right prevail!

For she, the beauteous goddess, loves
The tender whelps, new-dropped, of creatures rude,
Sparing the udder-loving brood
Of every beast through field or wood that roves,—
Hence with Apollo pleads the seer that he
From these events fair omens will fulfil,

 Judging the way-side’ augury,
Partly auspicious, partly fraught with ill.
Oh! God of healing! thee I supplicate,
Let not the Huntress on the Danaï bring
Dire ship-detaining blasts and adverse skies,

 Preluding other sacrifice,
 Lawless, unfestive, natal spring
 Of feudal jar and mortal hate,
 By husband-fear unawed;

κεδνὸς δὲ στρατόμαντις ἰδὼν δύο λήμασιν ἴσους
 Ἀτρεΐδας μαχίμους ἐδάη λαγοδαίτας [ἀντ. α'.
 πομπούς τ' ἀρχάς·
 οὕτω δ' εἶπε τεράζων·
 ἥχρονω μὲν ἀγρεῖ
 Πριάμου πόλιν ἴδε κέλευθος,
 πάντα δὲ πύργων
 κτήνη πρόσθε τὰ δημιοπληθῇ
 Μοῖρ' ἀλαπάξει πρὸς τὸ βίαιον·
 οἶον μή τις ἄγα θεόθεν κνεφά-
 ση προτυπὲν στόμιον μέγα Τροίας
 στρατωθέν. οἶκτῳ γὰρ ἐπί-
 φθονος Ἄρτεμις ἀγνὰ
 πτανοῖσιν κυσὶ πατρὸς,
 αὐτότοκον πρὸ λόχου μογεράν πτάκα θυομένοισι·
 στυγεῖ δὲ δεῖπνον αἰετῶν.
 αἴλινον αἴλινον εἰπέ, τὸ δ' εὖ νικάτω.

τόσον περ εὐφρων, καλά, μεσῳδ.
 δρόσοισι λεπτοῖς μαλερῶν λεόντων
 πάντων τ' ἀγρονόμων φιλομάστοις
 θηρῶν ὀβρικόλοισι τερπνά,
 τούτων αἶνει ξύμβολα κράναι,
 δεξιὰ μὲν, κατάμομφα δὲ φάσματα.
 ἰήιον δὲ καλέω Παιᾶνα,
 μή τινας ἀντιπνόους
 Δαναοῖς χρονίας ἐχενῆδας
 ἀπλοίας τεύξῃ,
 σπενδομένα θυσίαν ἑτέραν ἄνομόν τιν', ἄδαιτον,
 νεικέων τέκτονα σύμφυτον,

For child-avenging wrath, with fear and fraud,
Dread palace-warden, doth untiring wait."

Such woes, with high successes blent,
By Fate on the twain royal houses sent,
Did Calchas from the way-side auguries
Bodeful proclaim:—Then consonant with these,
Chant the dirge, uplift the wail!
But may the right prevail!

Zeus, whoe'er he be, this name
If it pleaseth him to claim,
This to him will I address;
Weighing all, no power I know
Save only Zeus, if I aside would throw
In sooth as vain this burthen of distress.

Nor doth he so great of yore,
With all-defying boldness rife,
Longer avail; his reign is o'er.
The next, thrice vanquished in the strife,
Hath also passed; but who the victor-strain
To Zeus uplifts, true wisdom shall obtain.

To sober thought Zeus paves the way,
And wisdom links with pain.
In sleep the anguish of remembered ill
Drops on the troubled heart; against their will
Rebellious men are tutored to be wise;
A grace I ween of the divinities,
Who mortals from their holy seats arraign.

E'en so the elder of the twain,
Achaia's fleet who swayed,

οὐ δεισήμερα. μίμνει γὰρ φοβερὰ παλίνορτος
οἰκονόμος δολία μνάμων μῆνις τεκνόποινος.
τοιάδε Κάλχας ξὺν μεγάλοις ἀγαθοῖς ἀπέκλαγξεν
μόρσιμ' ἀπ' ὀρνίθων ὀδίων οἴκοις βασιλείοις.
τοῖς δ' ὁμόφωνον
αἴλινον αἴλινον εἰπέ, τὸ δ' εὖ νικάτω.

Ζεὺς, ὅστις ποτ' ἐστίν, εἰ τόδ' αὖ- στρ. β'.
τῷ φίλον κεκλημένῳ,
τοῦτό νιν προσεννέπω.
οὐκ ἔχω προσεικάσαι
πάντ' ἐπισταθώμενος
πλὴν Διός, εἰ τὸ μάταν
ἀπὸ φροντίδος ἄχθος
χρὴ βαλεῖν ἐτητύμως.

οὐδ' ὅστις πάροιθεν ἦν μέγας, ἀντ. β'.
παμμάχῳ θράσει βρύων,
οὐδὲ λέξεται πρὶν ὦν.
ὅς δ' ἔπειτ' ἔφνυ, τρια-
κτῆρος οἴχεται τυχών.
Ζῆνὰ δέ τις προφρόνως
ἐπινίκια κλάζων
τεύξεται φρενῶν τὸ πᾶν.

τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς ὁδώ- στρ. γ'.
σαντα, τὸν πάθει μάθος
θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν.

στάζει δ' ἔν θ' ὕπνῳ πρὸ καρδίας
μνησιπήμων πόνος· καὶ παρ' ἄ-
κοντας ἦλθε σωφρονεῖν.
δαιμόνων δέ που χάρις βίαιος
σέλμα σεμνὸν ἡμένων.

καὶ τόθ' ἡγεμὼν ὁ πρέσ- ἀντ. γ'.
βυς νεῶν Ἀχαιϊκῶν,

No seer upbraiding, bowed, with grief suppressed,
His soul to fortune's stroke; what time the host,
In front of Chalcis, tossing off the coast
Of wave-vexed Aulis, lingered, sore-distressed,
While store-exhausting gales their progress stayed.

Blasts, dire delay and famine in their train,
And evil-anchorage, from Strymon sweep,—
Ruin to mortals: with malignant power,
Ruthless to ships and cordage, they
Doubling the sojourn on the deep

Wither the Argive flower.

But to the chiefs of that array,
When, than the bitter storm, the seer
A cure shrieked forth, weighted with deadlier bane,—
In name of Artemis,—the Atridan twain,
Smiting on earth their sceptres, strove in vain
To quell the rising tear.

Then thus aloud the elder chieftain cried:—

"Grievous, in sooth, the doom to disobey,
But grievous too if I my child must slay,
My home's fair ornament, my pride,
Defiling these paternal hands,

E'en at the altar's side,

With virgin-slaughter's gory tide.

What course exempt from evil? Say,
The fleet can I desert, the leaguèd bands
Failing? With hot desire to crave the spell
Of virgin blood, the storm that shall allay,

Is just. May all be well!"

Then harnessed in Necessity's stern yoke
An impious change-wind in his bosom woke,

μάντιν οὔτινα ψέγων,
 ἐμπαίοις τύχαισι συμπνέων,
 εὖτ' ἀπλοία κεναγγεῖ βαρύ-
 νοντ' Ἀχαιϊκὸς λεώς,
 Χαλκίδος πέραν ἔχων παλιρρό-
 χθοις ἐν Αὐλίδος τόποις·

πνοαὶ δ' ἀπὸ Στρυμόνος μολοῦσαι στρ. δ'.
 κακὸςχολοι, νήστιδες, δύσορμοι,
 βροτῶν ἄλαι,
 νεῶν τε καὶ πεισμάτων ἀφειδεῖς,
 παλιμμήκη χρόνον τιθεῖσαι
 τρίβῳ κατέξαινον ἄνθος Ἄργους.
 ἐπεὶ δὲ καὶ πικροῦ
 χείματος ἄλλο μῆχαρ
 βριθύτερον πρόμοισιν
 μάντις ἔκλαγξεν, προφέρων Ἄρτεμιν, ὥστε
 χθόνα βά-
 κτροις ἐπικρούσαντας Ἀτρεΐδας δάκρυ μὴ κατα-
 σχεῖν·

ἄναξ δ' ὁ πρέσβυς τότε εἶπε φωνῶν· ἀντ. δ'.
 'βαρεῖα μὲν κῆρ τὸ μὴ πιθέσθαι,
 βαρεῖα δ', εἰ
 τέκνον δαῖξω, δόμων ἄγαλμα,
 μαιίνων παρθενοσφάγοισι
 ῥείθροις πατρώους χέρας πρὸ βωμοῦ.
 τί τῶνδ' ἄνευ κακῶν ;
 πῶς λιπόνανς γένωμαι
 ξυμμαχίας ἀμαρτῶν ;
 παυσανέμου γὰρ θυσίας παρθενίου θ' αἵματος ὀρ-
 γᾷ περιόργῳ σφ' ἐπιθυμεῖν θέμις. εὖ γὰρ εἴη·

ἐπεὶ δ' ἀνάγκας ἔδν λέπαδνον στρ. ε'.
 φρενὸς πνέων δυσσεβῇ τροπαίαν,

Profane, unhallowed, with dire evil fraught,
His soul perverting to all daring thought.
For frenzy, that from primal guilt doth spring,
Emboldens mortals, prompting deeds of ill;
Thus, armed a woman to avenge, the king
In sacrifice his daughter dared to kill;
The fleet's initial rite accomplishing.

Her prayers, her cries of "Father," her young life
Were nought to those stern umpires, breathing strife:
So, after prayer, her sire the servants bade,
Stooping, with steelèd hearts, to lift the maid
Robe-tangled, kid-like, as for sacrifice,
High o'er the altar; them he also bade,
Guarding her lovely mouth, her bodeful cries,
Stern curse entailing on their houses twain,
With voiceless muzzles forceful to restrain.

Then letting fall her veil of saffron dye,
She smote, with piteous arrow from her eye,
Each murderer; while, passing fair,
Like to a pictured image, voiceless there,
Strove she to speak; for oft in other days,
She in her father's hospitable halls,
With her chaste voice had carolled forth his praise,

What time the walls

Rang to the Paeon's sound,
Gracing her sire, with third libation crowned.

What next befel I know not, nor relate;
Not unfulfill'd were Calchas' words of fate.
For justice doth for sufferers ordain
To purchase wisdom at the cost of pain.

ἄναγνον, ἀνιέρων, τόθεν
 τὸ παντότολμον φρονεῖν μετέγνων.
 βροτοὺς θρασύνει γὰρ αἰσχρόμητις
 τάλαινα παρακοπὰ πρωτοπήμων.
 ἔτλα δ' οὖν θυτῆρ γενέ-
 σθαι θυγατρός, γυναικοποι-
 νων πολέμων ἀρωγὰν
 καὶ προτέλεια ναῶν.

λιτὰς δὲ καὶ κληδόνας πατρῶους
 παρ' οὐδὲν αἰῶνα παρθένειόν τ'
 ἔθεντο φιλόμαχοι βραβῆς.
 φράσεν δ' ἀόζοις πατὴρ μετ' εὐχὰν
 δίκαν χιμαίρας ὑπερθε βωμοῦ
 πέπλοισι περιπετῇ παντὶ θυμῷ
 προνωπῇ λαβεῖν ἀέρ-
 δην, στόματός τε καλλιπρώ-
 ρου φυλακῇ κατασχεῖν
 φθόγγον ἀραῖον οἴκοις,

ἀντ. ε'.

βία χαλινῶν τ' ἀναύδω μένει.
 κρόκου βαφὰς δ' ἐς πέδον χέουσα
 ἔβαλλ' ἕκαστον θυτή-
 ρων ἀπ' ὄμματος βέλει φιλοίκτῳ,
 πρέπουσά θ' ὥς ἐν γραφαῖς, προσεννέπειν
 θέλουσ', ἐπεὶ πολλάκις
 πατὴρ κατ' ἀνδρῶνας εὐτραπέζους
 ἔμελψεν, ἀγνῇ δ' ἀταύρωτος αὐδᾷ πατρός
 φίλου τριτόσπονδον εὐποτμον
 παιᾶνα φίλως ἐτίμα.

στρ. 5'.

τὰ δ' ἔνθεν οὔτ' εἶδον οὔτ' ἐννέπω·
 τέχνηαι δὲ Κάλχαντος οὐκ ἄκραντοι.
 Δίκα δὲ τοῖς μὲν παθοῦ-
 σιν μαθεῖν ἐπιρρέπει· τὸ μέλλον δ'
 ἐπεὶ γένοιτ' ἂν κλύοις· πρὸ χαιρέτω·

ἀντ. 5'.

Why seek to read the future? Let it go!
Since dawns the issue clear with dawning day,
What boots it to forestal our date of woe?

Come weal at last!

So prays, these mischiefs past,
Of Apia's land this one sole guard and stay.

Enter CLYTAEMNESTRA from the palace, c.

Hail Clytaemnestra! Hither am I come
Thy majesty revering. For 'tis meet
When the male throne is empty, that we pay
To our high captain's consort honour due.
If thou hast heard auspicious news, or not,
That with joy-vouching hope thou lightest up
The altar fires, I, as a friend, would know,—
Yet shall thy silence nought unkind be deemed.

Cly. Joy's harbinger, be radiant Morning born
From kindly mother Night! So runs the saw.
But thou of joy beyond all hope shalt hear,
For Priam's city have the Argives won.

Cho. How, queen! through unbelief I miss thy word.

Cly. Troy is in Argive hands; now speak I plain?

Cho. Joy, stealing o'er my heart, calls forth the tear.

Cly. 'Tis true, thine eye thy loyalty bewrays.

Cho. Of these great tidings what the certain proof?

Cly. Warrant I have;—how not? or Heaven de-
ceives me.

Cho. Trusting the suasive augury of dreams?

Cly. The fancies of the sleep-bound soul I heed not.

Cho. But hath some wingless rumour buoy'd thee up?

Cly. Thou chidest me as were I a young girl.

ἴσον δὲ τῷ προστένειν.
 τορὸν γὰρ ἥξει σύνορθρον αὐγαῖς.
 πέλοιτο δ' οὖν τὰπὶ τούτοισιν εὖ πράξεις, ὥς
 θέλει τόδ' ἄγχιστον Ἀπίας
 γαίας μονόφρουρον ἔρκος.

Enter CLYTAEMNESTRA from the palace, c.

ἦκω σεβίζων σόν, Κλυταιμήστρα, κράτος·
 δίκη γάρ ἐστι φωτὸς ἀρχηγοῦ τίειν
 γυναῖκ' ἐρημωθέντος ἄρσεως θρόνου.
 σὺ δ' εἴ τι κεδνὸν εἴτε μὴ πεπυσμένη
 εὐαγγέλοισιν ἐλπίσιν θυηπολεῖς,
 κλύοιμ' ἂν εὐφρων· οὐδὲ σιγῶσῃ φθόνος.

ΚΛ. εὐάγγελος μέν, ὥσπερ ἡ παροιμία,
 ἕως γένοιτο μητρὸς εὐφρόνης πάρα.
 πεύσει δὲ χάρμα μεῖζον ἐλπίδος κλύειν·
 Πριάμου γὰρ ἡρήκασιν Ἀργεῖοι πόλιν.

ΧΟ. πῶς φῆς; πέφευγε τοῦπος ἐξ ἀπιστίας.

ΚΛ. Τροίαν Ἀχαιῶν οὖσαν. ἡ τορῶς λέγω;

ΧΟ. χαρά μ' ὑφέρπει δάκρυον ἐκκαλουμένη.

ΚΛ. εὖ γὰρ φρονούντος ὄμμα σοῦ κατηγορεῖ.

ΧΟ. τί γὰρ τὸ πιστόν; ἔστι τῶνδ' ἐσοι τέκμαρ;

ΚΛ. ἔστιν· τί δ' οὐχί; μὴ δολώσαντος θεοῦ.

ΧΟ. πότερα δ' ὀνείρων φάσματ' εὐπιθῇ σέβεις;

ΚΛ. οὐ δόξαν ἂν λάβοιμι βριζούσης φρενός.

ΧΟ. ἀλλ' ἡ σ' ἐπιάνέν τις ἄπτερος φάτις;

ΚΛ. παιδὸς νέας ὥς κάρτ' ἐμωμήσω φρένας.

Cho. But since what time was Priam's city spoiled?

Cly. This very night now bringing forth the day.

Cho. What messenger could travel with such speed?

Cly. Hephaestos, a bright flash from Ida sending.
Hither through swift relays of courier-flame,
Beacon transmitted beacon. Ida first
To the Hermacian rock on Lemnos' Isle;
Thence Athos' summit, dedicate to Zeus,
The third in order, caught the mighty glow.
Upsoaring, bridging in its might the sea,
With gathered strength, the onward speeding
torch,

In golden splendour, like another sun,
Its message to Makistos' watch-tower sends,
Who, nor delaying, nor by Sleep o'erpowered,
The courier's duty faithfully discharged.
The torch, far-gleaming to Euripos' stream,
Gives signal to Messapios' sentinels.
Firing of withered heath a giant pile,
With answering blaze, they pass the message on.
The stalwart flame, unwearied and undimn'd,
Like a bright moon, o'erleaps Asopos' plain,
And wakens, on Cithaeron's lofty crag,
Another speeder of the fiery post.
The warder hailing the far-journeying fire,
Kindles a beacon of surpassing glow;
Bounded the radiance o'er Gorgopis' lake,
And reaching Aegiplanctos' mountain peak
Urged on without delay the fiery chain.
With vigour unimpaired they onward send,
Kindled anew, a mighty beard of flame,
That, flaring from afar, the headland crossed

Χο. ποίου χρόνου δὲ καὶ πεπόρθηται πόλις;

Κλ. τῆς νῦν τεκούσης φῶς τόδ' εὐφρόνης λέγω.

Χο. καὶ τίς τόδ' ἐξίκοιτ' ἂν ἀγγέλων τάχος;

Κλ. Ἡφαιστος Ἰδης λαμπρὸν ἐκπέμπων σέλας.

φρυκτὸς δὲ φρυκτὸν δεῦρ' ἀπ' ἀγγάρου πυρὸς

ἔπεμπεν· Ἰδη μὲν πρὸς Ἑρμαῖον λέπας

Λήμνου· μέγαν δὲ πανὸν ἐκ νήσου τρίτον

Ἀθῶν αἶπος Ζηνὸς ἐξεδέξατο,

ὑπερτελὴς τε, πόντον ὥστε νωτίσαι,

ἰσχὺς πορευτοῦ λαμπάδος πρὸς ἡδονὴν

πέμπει τὸ χρυσοφεγγές, ὥς τις ἥλιος,

σέλας παραγγείλασα Μακίστου σκοπαῖς·

ὁ δ' οὔτι μέλλων οὐδ' ἀφρασμόνως ὕπνῳ

νικώμενος παρήκεν ἀγγέλου μέρος·

ἐκὰς δὲ φρυκτοῦ φῶς ἐπ' Εὐρίπου ῥοὰς

Μεσσαπίου φύλαξι σημαίνει μολόν.

οἱ δ' ἀντέλαμψαν καὶ παρήγγειλαν πρόσω

γραίας ἐρείκης θωμὸν ἄψαντες πυρί.

σθένουσα λαμπὰς δ' οὐδέπω μαυρουμένη,

ὑπερθοροῦσα πεδῖον Ἀσωποῦ, δίκην

φαιδρᾶς σελήνης, πρὸς Κιθαιρῶνος λέπας

ἡγείρεν ἄλλην ἐκδοχὴν πομποῦ πυρός.

φάος δὲ τηλέπομπον οὐκ ἡναίνετο

φρουρὰ προσαιθρίζουσα πόμπιμον φλόγα,

λίμνην δ' ὑπὲρ Γοργῶπιν ἔσκηψεν φάος·

ὄρος τ' ἐπ' Αἰγίπλαγκτον ἐξικνούμενον

ᾧ τρυνέ θεσμὸν μηχανήσασθαι πυρός.

πέμπουσι δ' ἀνδαίοιτες ἀφθόνῳ μένει

φλογὸς μέγαν πώγωνα, καὶ Σαρωνικοῦ

πορθμοῦ κάτοπτον πρῶν ὑπερβάλλειν πρόσω

O'erlooking Saron's gulf. Down shooting then,
The blaze, alighting on Arachnae's height,
The city's nearest watch-tower, reached its goal ;
Thence to the roof of Atreus' son this light
Darted,—true scion of Idaian fire.

Thus in succession, flame awakening flame
Fulfilled the order of the fiery course :

The first and last are victors in the race.
Such is the proof, the warrant that I give
Of tidings sent me by my Lord from Troy.

Cho. The gods, O queen, will I invoke hereafter.
But now I fain would marvel at thy words,
Heard more at large so thou wouldst speak
again.

Cly. Troy on this very day th' Achaïans hold.
I ween ill-blending clamour fills the town :
Pour in one vessel vinegar and oil,
They will not lovingly consort, I trow ;
So now from captives and from captors rise
Two voices, telling of their two-fold fate.
For *those*, flung prostrate on the lifeless forms
Of husbands and of brothers, children too,
Prone on their aged sires, lamenting wail ;
While *these*, night-stragglers after toilsome
fight,

Keen for all viands that the city yields,
Upon no order standing, but as each
Hath snatched the lot of fortune, take their fill.
At length from frost and skiey dews set free,
They dwell in Ilion's spear-won halls, and sleep
The live-long night, unsentinelled like gods.
If now the tutelary powers they fear,

φλέγουσαν, ἔστ' ἔσκηψεν, εὖτ' ἀφίκετο
 Ἀραχναῖον αἶπος, ἀστυγείτονας σκοπᾶς·
 κᾶπειτ' Ἀτρειδῶν ἐς τόδε σκήπτει στέγος
 φάος τόδ' οὐκ ἄπαππον Ἰδαίου πυρός.
 τοιοῖδε τοί μοι λαμπαδηφόρων νόμοι,
 ἄλλος παρ' ἄλλου διαδοχαῖς πληρούμενοι·
 νικᾷ δ' ὁ πρῶτος καὶ τελευταῖος δραμών.
 τέκμαρ τοιοῦτο σύμβολόν τε σοὶ λέγω
 ἀνδρὸς παραγγείλαντος ἐκ Τροίας ἐμοί.

ΧΘ. θεοῖς μὲν αὖτις, ὦ γύναι, προσεῖξομαι.
 λόγους δ' ἀκοῦσαι τούσδε κἀποθαυμάσαι
 διηνεκῶς θέλοιμ' ἂν ὥς λέγοις πάλιν.

ΚΛ. Τροίαν Ἀχαιοὶ τῇδ' ἔχουσ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ.
 οἶμαι βοὴν ἄμικτον ἐν πόλει πρέπειν.
 ὄξος τ' ἄλειφά τ' ἐγχείας ταύτῃ κύτει
 διχοστατοῦντ' ἂν οὐ φίλως προσεινέποις.
 καὶ τῶν ἰλόντων καὶ κρατησάντων δίχα
 φθογγὰς ἀκούειν ἔστι συμφορᾶς διπλῆς.
 οἱ μὲν γὰρ ἀμφὶ σώμασιν πεπτωκότες
 ἀνδρῶν κασιγνήτων τε καὶ φυταλμίων
 παῖδες γερόντων οὐκέτ' ἐξ ἐλευθέρου
 δέρης ἀποιμώζουσι φιλτάτων μόρον·
 τοὺς δ' αὖτε νυκτίπλαγκτος ἐκ μάχης πόνος
 νήστεις πρὸς ἀρίστοισιν ὧν ἔχει πόλις
 τίσσει, πρὸς οὐδὲν ἐν μέρει τεκμήριον,
 ἀλλ' ὥς ἕκαστος ἔσπασεν τύχης πάλον.
 ἐν δ' αἰχμαλώτοις Τρωϊκοῖς οἰκήμασιν
 ναίουσιν ἤδη, τῶν ὑπαιθρίων πάγων
 δρόσων τ' ἀπαλλαγέντες, ὥς δ' εὐδαίμονες
 ἀφύλακτον εὐδήσουσι πᾶσαν εὐφρόνην.
 εἰ δ' εὖ σέβουσι τοὺς πολισσούχους θεοὺς

Who hold the conquered land, and spare their
shrines,

Captors, they shall not captured be in turn.

But may no greedy passion seize the host
To plunder things unlawful, smit with gain.

A safe return has yet to be secured,

And half the double course is yet to run.

But guilty to the gods if come the host,

Wakeful may rise the sorrows of the slain

For vengeance, though no sudden ill befall.

These words from me, a woman thou hast heard ;

But may the good in overpoise prevail !

For I of many blessings choose this joy.

Cho. Like prudent man well hast thou spoken,
lady.—

But I, on hearing of thy certain proofs,

Forthwith prepare me to salute the gods,

For no unworthy meed requites our toil.

*Exit CLYTAEMNESTRA into palace. The CHORUS sing
first a thanksgiving, then the Doom of PARIS.*

Hail, sovereign Zeus, and friendly Night,
Mistress of mighty glories, hail !

Thou who o'er Troia's tower-crowned height,

A snare so closely meshed has flung,

That none, or fully grown or young,

Thralldom's huge drag-net may avail

To overleap. Vast ruin captures all.

Great guardian of the guest,

Thee I adore :—

Wrought were those deeds at thy behest :

τοὺς τῆς ἀλούσης γῆς θεῶν θ' ἰδρύματα,
οὗ τ' αὖν ἐλόντες αὖθις ἀνθαλοῖεν ἄν.
ἔρωσ δὲ μή τις πρότερον ἐμπίπτῃ στρατῷ
πορθεῖν ἢ μὴ χρή, κέρδεσιν νικωμένους.
δεῖ γὰρ πρὸς οἴκους νοστήμου σωτηρίας
κάμψαι διαύλου θάτερον κῶλον πάλιν·
θεοῖς δ' ἀναμπλάκητος εἰ μόλοι στρατός,
ἐγρηγορὸς τὸ πῆμα τῶν ὀλωλότων
γένοιτ' ἄν, εἰ πρόσπαια μὴ τύχοι κακά.
τοιαῦτά τοι γυναικὸς ἐξ ἐμοῦ κλύεις·
τὸ δ' εὖ κρατοίῃ, μὴ διχορρόπως ἰδεῖν.
πολλῶν γὰρ ἐσθλῶν τήνδ' ὄνησιν εἰλόμην.

Χο. γύναι, κατ' ἄνδρα σώφρον' εὐφρόνως λέγεις.
ἐγὼ δ' ἀκούσας πιστά σου τεκμήρια
θεοὺς προσειπεῖν εὖ παρασκευάζομαι.
χάρις γὰρ οὐκ ἄτιμος εἶργασται πόνων.

*Exit CLYTAEMNESTRA into palace. The CHORUS sing
first a thanksgiving, then the Doom of PARIS.*

ὦ Ζεῦ βασιλεῦ καὶ νύξ φιλία
μεγάλων κόσμων κτεάτειρα,
ἦτ' ἐπὶ Τροίας πύργοις ἔβαλες
στεγανὸν δίκτυον, ὥς μήτε μέγαν
μήτ' οὖν νεαρῶν τιν' ὑπερτελέσαι
μέγα δουλείας

γάγαμον, ἄτης παναλώτου.
Δία τοι ξένιον μέγαν αἰδοῦμαι
τὸν τάδε πράξαντ' ἐπ' Ἀλεξάνδρῳ

The bow thou didst of yore
'Gainst Alexander strain,
That nor the destined hour before,
Nor shooting o'er the stars, in vain
The shaft might fall.

'Tis Zeus who smote them, this we may aver,
For easy 'tis to trace;
The end he shaped as he decreed.
Yet gods supernal, some declare,
To sinful mortals give no heed
Who trample under foot the grace
Of sacred things. But such are reprobate;—
Kindred they claim with those, in heaven's despite,
Who rebel war breathe forth, transgressing right.
Wealth in excess breeds mischief, and o'erturns
The balance of the constant mind;
No bulwark 'gainst destructive fate
In riches shall that mortal find
Who Justice' mighty altar rudely spurns.
Frenzy's unhappy suasion, fraught with bane
To hapless children, sways the will;
Against the mischief cure is vain;
Not hidden is the flagrant ill;
Baleful it bursts upon the sight;
Like spurious coin, his metal base
Use and the touchstone bring to light,
Who, boy-like, to a wingèd bird gives chase,
And whelms his native soil in hopeless night.
His orisons the heavenly powers disclaim,
But sweep to doom the sinful wight
Practised in guile;—thus Paris came

τείνοντα πάλαι τόξον, ὅπως ἂν
μήτε πρὸ καιροῦ μήθ' ὑπὲρ ἄστρον
βέλος ἡλίθιον σκήψειν.

Διὸς πλαγὰν ἔχουσιν εἰπεῖν,
πάρεστιν τοῦτό γ' ἐξιχνεύσαι.
ἔπραξαν ὡς ἔκρανεν. οὐκ ἔφα τις
θεοὺς βροτῶν ἀξιούσθαι μέλειν
ὅσοις ἀθίκτων χάρις
πατοῖθ'· ὁ δ' οὐκ εὐσεβής.
πέφανται δ' ἐκτίνου-
σα τόλμα τῶν Ἄρη
πνεόντων μεῖζον ἢ δικαίως,
φλεόντων δωμάτων ὑπέρφει
ὑπὲρ τὸ βέλτιστον. ἔστω δ' ἀπή-
μαντον, ὥστ' ἀπαρκεῖν
εὖ πραπίδων λαχόντα.
οὐ γὰρ ἔστιν ἔπαλξις
πλούτου πρὸς κόρον ἀνδρὶ
λακτίσαντι μέγαν Δίκας
βωμὸν εἰς ἀφάνειαν.

βιᾶται δ' ἅ τάλαινα πειθῶ,
προβούλου παῖς ἄφερτος ἄτας.
ἄκος δὲ πᾶν μάταιον. οὐκ ἐκρύφθη,
πρέπει δέ, φῶς αἰνολαμπές, σίνος·
κακοῦ δὲ χαλκοῦ τρόπον
τρίβῳ τε καὶ προσβολαῖς
μελαμπαγῆς πέλει
δικαιωθείς, ἐπεὶ
διώκει παῖς ποτανὸν ὄρνιν,
πόλει πρόστριμμ' ἄφερτον ἐνθείς.
λιτᾶν δ' ἀκούει μὲν οὔτις θεῶν·
τὸν δ' ἐπίστροφον τῶν
φῶτ' ἄδικον καθαιρεῖ.
οἶος καὶ Πάρις ἐλθὼν

στρ. α'.

ἀντ. α'.

To Atreus' halls;—the friendly board
He shamed, the consort luring from her lord.

Bequeathing to her people deadly stour
Of shielded hosts, of spears, and ships' array,
And Ilion's ruin bearing as her dower,
She through the portal swiftly took her way,
Daring what none may dare:—with many a wail,
The palace seers peal'd forth the tale.
“Woe for the house, the house and chieftains, woe!
Woe for the couch, the trace of her once true!”
Wronged, yet without reproach, in speechless woe
There stands he, yearning still her form to view
Lost o'er the far sea-wave: his dreamy pain
Conjures her phantom in his home to reign.

He loathes the sculptor's plastic skill
Which living grace belies;
Not Aphroditè's self can still
The hunger of his eyes.

And dreamy fancies, coinage of the brain,
Come o'er the troubled heart with vain delight;
For vain the rapture, the illusion vain,
When forms beloved in visions of the night,
With changeful aspect, mock our grasp, and sweep
On noiseless wing adown the paths of sleep.
Such sorrows o'er the hearth brood evermore,
And woes o'ertowering these. The warrior train,
Comrades in danger, steered from Hellas' shore,
Leaving in Hellas' homes heart-withering pain;
Full many sorrows at the core.

Those whom he sent each holds in ken.
But to their homes return

ἐς δόμον τὸν Ἀτρειδᾶν
ἤσχυνε ξενίαν τράπε-
ζαν κλοπαῖσι γυναικός.

λιπούσα δ' ἀστοῖσιν ἀσπίστοράς
τε καὶ κλόνους λογχίμους
ναυβάτας θ' ὀπλισμούς,
ἄγουσά τ' ἀντίφερνον Ἰλῖω φθοράν,
βέβακεν ῥίμφα διὰ πυλᾶν
ἄτλητα τλᾶσα· πολλὰ δ' ἔστενον
τόδ' ἐννέποντες δόμων προφήται·
ἰὼ ἰὼ δῶμα δῶμα καὶ πρόμοι,
ἰὼ λέχος καὶ στίβοι φιλάνορες.
πάρεστι σιγὰς ἀτίμους ἀλοιδόρους
ἄλγιστ' ἀφημένων ἰδεῖν.
πόθω δ' ὑπερποντίας
φάσμα δόξει δόμων ἀνάσσειν.
εὐμόρφων δὲ κολοσσῶν
ἔχθεται χάρις ἀνδρί·
ὀμμάτων δ' ἐν ἀχηνίαις
ἔρρει πᾶσ' Ἀφροδίτα.

στρ. β'.

ὄνειρόφαντοι δὲ πενθήμονες
πάρεισι δόξαι φέρου-
σαι χάριν ματαίαν.
μάταν γάρ, εὖτ' ἂν ἐσθλά τις δοκῶν ὀρᾷ,
παραλλάξασα διὰ χερῶν,
βέβακεν ὄψις οὐ μεθύστερον
πτεροῖς ὀπαδοῦσ' ὕπνου κελεύθοις·
τὰ μὲν κατ' οἴκους ἐφ' ἐστίας ἄχῃ
τάδ' ἐστὶ καὶ τῶνδ' ὑπερβατώτερα.
τὸ πᾶν δ' ἀφ' Ἑλλανος αἵας συνορμένοις
πένθεια τλησικάρδιος
δόμων ἐκάστου πρέπει.
πολλὰ γοῦν θιγγάνει πρὸς ἡπαρ·
οὓς μὲν γάρ τις ἔπεμψεν
οἶδεν· ἀντὶ δὲ φωτῶν

αντ. β'.

Armour and in the funeral urn,
Ashes instead of men.

For Ares, bartering for gold
The flesh of men, the scales doth hold
In battle of the spear.

From Ilion, back to sorrowing friends,
Rich dust, fire-purified, he sends,
Wash'd with full many a tear.

No living warriors greet them, but instead
Urns filled with ashes smoothly spread.
Groaning, each hero's praise they tell;
How *this* excelled in martial strife;
And *that* in fields of carnage fell,
Right nobly for another's wife.
Breathing such murmurs, jealous hate
Doth on the Atridan champions wait.
Achaïans, cast in fairest mould,
Ensépulchred 'neath Ilion's wall,
The foughten shore now firmly hold,
The hostile sod their pall.

Direful the people's voice, to hate
Attuned, which worketh soon or late
As ban of public doom.

Now o'er my spirit anxious fear
Broodeth, lest tidings I should hear
That night still shrouds in gloom;
For blind to deeds of blood the gods are not.
In Time the swarthy brood of Night
With slow eclipse reverse his lot,
Who Fortune reareth in despite
Of Justice. Reft of succour lies

τεύχη καὶ σποδὸς εἰς ἐκά-
στου δόμους ἀφικνεῖται.

ὁ χρυσαμοιβὸς δ' Ἀρης σωμάτων
καὶ ταλαντοῦχος ἐν μάχῃ δορὸς
πυρωθὲν ἐξ Ἰλίου
φίλοισι πέμπει βραχὺ
ψῆγμα δυσδάκρυτον ἀν-
τήνορος σποδοῦ γεμί-
ζων λέβητας εὐθέτους.
στένουσι δ' εὖ λέγοντες ἄν-
δρα τὸν μὲν ὡς μάχης ἴδρις,
τὸν δ' ἐν φοναῖς καλῶς πεσόντ'
ἀλλοτρίας διαὶ γυναι-
κός· τὰ δὲ σίγᾳ τις βαῦ-
ζει. φθονερὸν δ' ὑπ' ἄλγος ἔρ-
πει προδίκους Ἀτρεΐδαις.
οἱ δ' αὐτοῦ περὶ τείχος
θήκας Ἰλιάδος γᾶς
εὐμορφοὶ κατέχουσιν· ἐ-
χθρὰ δ' ἔχοντας ἔκρυψεν.

στρ. γ'.

βαρεῖα δ' ἀστών φάτις ξὺν κότῳ·
δημοκράντου δ' ἀρᾶς τίνει χρέος.
μένει δ' ἀκοῦσαί τί μου
μέριμνα νυκτηρεφές.
τῶν πολυκτόνων γὰρ οὐκ
ἄσκοποι θεοί. κελαι-
ναὶ δ' Ἐρινύες χρόνῳ
τυχηρὸν ὄντ' ἄνευ δίκας
παλιντυχεῖ τριβᾶ βίου
τιθεῖσ' ἀμαυρόν, ἐν δ' αἰ-
Λ.

ἀντ. γ'.

The wretch once prone. Excessive praise
Is bodeful ever; 'gainst men's eyes
Zeus hurls his blinding rays.
But may ungrudged success be mine!
No city-spoiler let me be!
Nor, subject to another, pine
Myself in slavery.

Borne by the joy-announcing flame
Swift through the town the tidings fly;
But whether true who may proclaim,
Or not a heavenly lie?
For who so childish, so distraught,
To warm his spirit at the beacon's glow,
When other news, with evil fraught,
His joy may change to woe?
'Tis woman's way the boon, ere seen, to prize;
Too credulous, her fancy open lies
To rumour's rapid inroad, but the fame
Published by women quickly dies.

The Chorus Leader speaks.

Soon shall we know whether the signal fires,
The swift relays of courier-light be true,
Or whether, dreamlike, they beguiled our minds
With grateful splendour:—Yonder, from the coast,
A herald comes, shaded with laurel boughs;
While Clay's twin-brother, thirsty Dust attests
That neither voiceless, nor of mountain wood
Kindling the blaze, will he report in smoke;
No,—either will his voice announce more joy,
Or,—but ill-omened words I deprecate.
Be omens fair with fair assurance crown'd!

στοις τελέθοντος οὔτις ἀλ-
κά· τὸ δ' ὑπερκόπως κλύειν
εὖ βαρύ· βάλλεται γὰρ ὅσ-
σοις Διόθεν κεραυνός.
κρίνω δ' ἄφθονον ὄλβον·
μήτ' εἶην πτολιπόρθης
μήτ' οὖν αὐτὸς ἀλούς ὑπ' ἄλ-
λων βίον κατίδοιμι.

πυρὸς δ' ὑπ' εὐαγγέλου
πόλιν διήκει θοὰ
βάξις· εἰ δ' ἐτήτυμος,
τίς οἶδεν, ἢ τι θεῖόν ἐστί πη ψύθος.—
τίς ὦδε παιδνὸς ἢ φρενῶν κεκομμένος,
φλογὸς παραγγέλμασιν
νέοις πυρωθέντα καρδίαν ἔπειτ'
ἀλλαγᾶ λόγου καμεῖν;—

ἐπὶ δ.

γυναικὸς αἰχμᾶ πρέπει
πρὸ τοῦ φανέντος χάριν ξυναινέσαι.—
πιθανὸς ἄγαν ὁ θῆλυς ὅρος ἐπινέμεται
ταχύπορος· ἀλλὰ ταχύμορον
γυναικογήρυτον ὄλλυται κλέος.—
τάχ' εἰσόμεσθα λαμπάδων φαεσφόρων
φρυκτωριῶν τε καὶ πυρὸς παραλλαγῆς,
εἴτ' οὖν ἀληθεῖς εἴτ' ὀνειράτων δίκην
τερπινὸν τόδ' ἔλθον φῶς ἐφήλωσεν φρένας.
κῆρυκ' ἀπ' ἀκτῆς τόνδ' ὀρώ κατάσκιον
κλάδοις ἐλαίας· μαρτυρεῖ δέ μοι κάσις
πηλοῦ ξύνουρος διψία κόνις τάδε,
ὥς οὔτ' ἄναυδος οὔτε σοι δαίμων φλόγα
ὑλῆς ὀρείας σημανεῖ καπνῶ πυρός,
ἀλλ' ἢ τὸ χαίρειν μᾶλλον ἐκβάξει λέγων·
τὸν ἀντίον δὲ τοῖσδ' ἀποστέργω λόγον·
εὖ γὰρ πρὸς εὖ φανείσι προσθήκη πέλοι.—

May he who 'gainst the state breathes other
prayer,
First reap the fruit of his malignant thought.

Enter a HERALD, L.

Her. Oh soil of Argos, oh my native land,
In light of this tenth year to thee I come;
While many a hope hath snapt, this one still
holds,
For ne'er I counted, dying here, to share
Belovèd sepulture in Argive soil.
Now hail, O earth, bright sunlight hail, and
Zeus,
Supreme o'er Argos. Thou too, Pythian king,
With thy fell darts assailing us no more;
Let it suffice that on Scamander's banks
Thy mien was hostile;—now, Apollo, lord,
Be thou the Saviour,—be the Healer thou!
Ye Gods of Council, all I now invoke,
Thee, my protector Hermes, Herald dear,
Whom Heralds venerate,—and Heroes, ye
Who sent us forth, now kindly welcome back
The Argive host, poor remnant of the spear.
Hail royal palace! roofs belovèd, hail!
Ye seats august, ye powers that front the sun,
If e'er of yore, now, with those cheerful eyes
Receive in state the monarch absent long,
For he returns bringing in darkness light
Common to you and all assembled here,
King Agamemnon. Welcome, as beseems,
Him who with mattock of avenging Zeus
Hath Ilion razed, her under-soil upturn.

ὅστις τάδ' ἄλλως τῇδ' ἐπεύχεται πόλει,
αὐτὸς φρενῶν καρποῖτο τὴν ἁμαρτίαν.

Enter a HERALD, L.

ΚΗ. ἰὼ πατρῶον οὔδας Ἀργείας χθονός,
δεκάτῳ σε φέγγει τῷδ' ἀφικόμην ἔτους,
πολλῶν ῥαγείσων ἐλπίδων μιᾶς τυχών.
οὐ γάρ ποτ' ἠὔχουν τῇδ' ἐν Ἀργείᾳ χθονὶ
θανῶν μεθέξειν φιλτάτου τάφου μέρος.
νῦν χαῖρε μὲν χθών, χαῖρε δ' ἡλίου φάος,
ὑπατός τε χώρας Ζεὺς, ὁ Πύθιός τ' ἄναξ,
τόξοις ἰάπτων μηκέτ' εἰς ἡμᾶς βέλη·
ἅλῃς παρὰ Σκάμανδρον ἦσθ' ἀνάρσιος·
νῦν δ' αὖτε σωτὴρ ἴσθι καὶ παιώνιος,
ἄναξ Ἀπολλων. τοὺς τ' ἀγωνίους θεοὺς
πάντας προσαυδῶ, τὸν τ' ἐμὸν τιμῶρον
Ἑρμῆν, φίλον κήρυκα, κηρύκων σέβας,
ἥρως τε τοὺς πέμψαντας, εὐμενεῖς πάλιν
στρατὸν δέχεσθαι τὸν λελειμμένον δορός.
ἰὼ μέλαθρα βασιλέων, φίλαι στέγαι,
σεμνοί τε θᾶκοι, δαίμονές τ' ἀντήλιοι,
εἴ που πάλαι, παιδροῖσι τοισίδ' ὄμμασι
δέξασθε κόσμῳ βασιλέα πολλῷ χρόνῳ.
ἦκει γὰρ ὑμῖν φῶς ἐν εὐφρόνῃ φέρων
καὶ τοῖσδ' ἅπασιν κοινὸν Ἀγαμέμνων ἄναξ.
ἀλλ' εὖ νιν ἀσπίσασθε, καὶ γὰρ οὖν πρέπει,
Τροίαν κατασκάψαντα τοῦ δικηφόρου
Διὸς μακέλλῃ, τῇ κατείργασται πέδον.

Quenched are the fanes, the altars of the gods,
And of the land entire the seed is crushed.
Such yoke round Troy hath Atreus' elder son
Fastened: and lo! blest by the gods, he comes
Of living men most worthy of renown.
Nor Paris now nor his associate town
Their deed may vaunt as greater than their woe
Cast in a suit for rapine and for theft,
His surety forfeit, he to utter doom
Hath moved his natal home. Thus Priam's sons
With twofold forfeit have atoned their crime.

Cho. Hail, herald of Achaia's host!

Her. All hail!

So please the gods, I grudge not now to die.

Cho. Love for thy father-land thy heart hath wrung!

Her. So wrung that from mine eyes fall tears of joy.

Cho. Sweet the heart-sickness that o'ercame you
thus.

Her. The key I lack which may thy words unlock.

Cho. Smit with desire for those who longed for you.

Her. Hath Argos yearned then for the yearning host?

Cho. Ay, so that oft from darken'd soul I groaned.

Her. Whence this sad gloom, abhorrent to the host?

Cho. Silence I long have held bale's safest cure.

Her. How! Aught didst fear in absence of thy lords?

Cho. To die was oft my wish as whilom thine.

Her. Well ended, all is well, But, in long years,
Some chances, one might say, fell happily,
While others adverse were. For who, save gods,
Lives through the whole of life by grief un-
scathed?

For should I tell of toils, of lodgment rude,

βωμοὶ δ' αἷστοι καὶ θεῶν ἰδρύματα,
καὶ σπέρμα πάσης ἐξαπόλλυται χθονός.
τοιόνδε Τροία περιβαλὼν ζευκτήριον
ἄναξ Ἀτρείδης πρέσβυς εὐδαίμων ἀνὴρ
ἥκει, τίεσθαι δ' ἀξιώτατος βροτῶν
τῶν νῦν· Πάρις γὰρ οὔτε συντελὴς πόλις
ἐξεύχεται τὸ δρᾶμα τοῦ πάθους πλέον.
ὀφλὼν γὰρ ἀρπαγῆς τε καὶ κλοπῆς δίκην
τοῦ ῥυσίου θ' ἤμαρτε καὶ πανώλεθρον
αὐτόχθονον πατρῶον ἔθρισεν δόμον.
διπλᾶ δ' ἔτισαν Πριαμίδαι θάμάρτια.

ΧΟ. κῆρυξ Ἀχαιῶν χαῖρε τῶν ἀπὸ στρατοῦ.

ΚΗ. χαίρω γε· τεθνάναι δ' οὐκέτ' ἀντερῶ θεοῖς.

ΧΟ. ἔρως πατρώας τῆσδε γῆς σ' ἐγύμνασεν.

ΚΗ. ὥστ' ἐνδακρύειν γ' ὄμμασιν χαρᾶς ὑπο.

ΧΟ. τερπνῆς ἄρ' ἦτε τῆσδ' ἐπήβολοι νόσου.

ΚΗ. πῶς δῆ; διδαχθεὶς τοῦδε δεσπόσω λόγου.

ΧΟ. τῶν ἀντερώντων ἰμέρῳ πεπληγμένοι.

ΚΗ. ποθεῖν ποθοῦντα τήνδε γῆν στρατὸν λέγεις.

ΧΟ. ὥς πόλλ' ἀμαυρᾶς ἐκ φρενός μ' ἀναστένειν.

ΚΗ. πόθεν τὸ δύσφρον τοῦτ' ἐπῆν στύγος φρενῶν;

ΧΟ. πάλαι τὸ σιγᾶν φάρμακον βλάβης ἔχω.

ΚΗ. καὶ πῶς; ἀπόντων κοιράνων ἔτρεις τινάς;

ΧΟ. ὥς νῦν τὸ σὸν δῆ, καὶ θανεῖν πολλὰ χάρις.

ΚΗ. εὖ γὰρ πέπρακται. ταῦτα δ' ἐν πολλῷ χρόνῳ
τὰ μὲν τις ἂν λέξειεν εὐπετῶς ἔχειν,
τὰ δ' αὖτε ἀπίμομφα. τίς δὲ πλὴν θεῶν
ἅπαντ' ἀπήμων τὸν δι' αἰῶνος χρόνον;
μόχθους γὰρ εἰ λέγοιμι καὶ δυσανλίας,

Infrequent landings, vexed by dangerous surf,
What portion of the day exempt from groans?
Still more abhorrent was our life ashore;—
For close to hostile walls our beds were strewn;
Dank vapours fell from heaven, while from the
earth

Drizzled the meadow dews,—our raiment's
canker,

Matting, like savage beast's, our shaggy hair.
Or spake I of bird-killing winter's cold,
Unbearable, from snows of Ida born;
Or summer's heat, when, stretched on noonday
couch,

By breeze unruffled, slept the waveless sea?
But why lament these hardships? Past the toil!
Past now and gone,—past also for the dead,
Who ne'er will trouble them again to rise.
Why call the spectral army-roll? and why,
Living, bemoan reverses? Nay, I claim
With many a farewell to salute mischance.
For us, the remnant of the Argive host,
Joy triumphs, nor can Sorrow tilt the scale.
Winging o'er land and sea our homeward flight.
We to the sun-light well may make this boast,
"The Argive host, captors at length of Troy,
These spoils, an off'ring to Achaia's gods,
Hang up, bright glory of their ancient shrines."
Whoso these tidings hears must needs extol
The city and the leaders of the host;
Also the consummating grace of Zeus
Due honour shall attain. My tale is told.

Cho. Ungrudged surrender yield I to thy words.

σπαρνὰς παρήξεις καὶ κακοστρώτους, τί δ' οὐ
 στένοντες, οὐ λαχόντες ἡματος μέρος;
 τὰ δ' αὖτε χέρσῳ καὶ προσῆν πλέον στύγος·
 εὖναι γὰρ ἦσαν δαΐων πρὸς τείχεσιν.
 ἐξ οὐρανοῦ δὲ κἀπὸ γῆς λειμώνιαι
 δρόσοι κατεψάκαζον, ἔμπεδον σίνος
 ἐσθημίτων τιθέντες ἔνθηρον τρίχα.
 χειμῶνα δ' εἰ λέγοι τις οἶωνοκτόνον,
 οἶον παρεῖχ' ἄφερτον Ἰδαία χιῶν,
 ἢ θάλλπος, εὖτε πόντος ἐν μεσημβριναῖς
 κοίταις ἀκύμων νηνέμοις εὖδοι πεσών—
 τί ταῦτα πενθεῖν δεῖ; παροίχεται πόνος·
 παροίχεται δέ, τοῖσι μὲν τεθνηκόσιν
 τὸ μήποτ' αὖθις μηδ' ἀναστῆναι μέλειν.
 τί τοὺς ἀναλωθέντας ἐν ψήφῳ λέγειν,
 τὸν ζῶντα δ' ἀλγεῖν χρὴ τύχης παλιγκότου;
 καὶ πολλὰ χαίρειν ξυμφορὰς καταξιῶ.
 ἡμῖν δὲ τοῖς λοιποῖσιν Ἀργείων στρατοῦ
 νικᾷ τὸ κέρδος, πῆμα δ' οὐκ ἀντιρρέπει·
 ὥς κομπάσαι τῷδ' εἰκὸς ἡλίου φάει
 ὑπὲρ θαλάσσης καὶ χθονὸς ποτωμένοις·
 'Τροίαν ἐλόντες δήποτ' Ἀργείων στόλος
 θεοῖς λάφυρα ταῦτα τοῖς καθ' Ἑλλάδα
 δόμων ἐπασσάλευσαν ἀρχαίων γάνος·
 τοιαῦτα χρὴ κλύοντας εὐλογεῖν πόλιν
 καὶ τοὺς στρατηγούς· καὶ χάρις τιμήσεται
 Διὸς τόδ' ἐκπράξασα. πάντ' ἔχεις λόγον.

Χο. νικώμενος λόγοισιν οὐκ ἀναίνομαι·

Age still is young enough for grateful lore.
But Atreus' halls and Clytaemnestra most
These news concern; me also they enrich.

Enter CLYTAEMNESTRA from the palace.

Cly. The shout of jubilee erewhile I raised,
When first by night the fiery herald came,
Telling of Ilion captured and o'erthrown.
Then some one spake and taunting asked,
 "Dost think,
Trusting the beacon-light, that Troy is sacked?
'Tis woman's way to be elate of heart."
By such bold utt'rance was my wit misprised:
Yet still I sacrificed: and through the town
With woman's note they tuned the joyous trill,
Pæans uplifting in the gods' abodes,
The while they lulled the fragrant incense-
 flames.
And now, what need that thou shouldst tell
 me more?
I from the king himself the tale shall hear.
With honour due, my venerated lord
To welcome home, myself will hasten: for—
What sight for woman sweeter than the day
Which to her spouse, Heaven-shielded from the
 fight,
Throws wide the gates? Then hither bid my
 lord,
Beloved of Argos, to return with speed.
Arriving, may he find a faithful wife,
Such as he left her, watch-dog of his house,

αἰὲ γὰρ ἦβη τοῖς γέρουσιν εὖ μαθεῖν.
 δόμοις δὲ ταῦτα καὶ Κλυταιμῆστρα μέλαιν
 εἰκὸς μάλιστα, σὺν δὲ πλουτίζειν ἐμέ.

Enter CLYTAEMNESTRA from the palace.

ΚΛ. ἀνωλόλυξα μὲν πάλαι χαρᾶς ὑπο,
 ὅτ' ἦλθ' ὁ πρῶτος νύχιος ἄγγελος πυρός,
 φράζων ἄλωσιν Ἰλίου τ' ἀνάστασιν.
 καὶ τίς μ' ἐνίπτων εἶπε, 'φρυκτωρῶν διὰ
 πεισθεῖσα Τροίαν νῦν πεπορθῆσθαι δοκεῖς;
 ἦ κάρτα πρὸς γυναικὸς αἶρεσθαι κέαρ.'
 λόγοις τοιούτοις πλαγκτὸς οὖσ' ἐφαινόμην.
 ὅμως δ' ἔθουν, καὶ γυναικείῳ νόμῳ
 ὀλολυγμὸν ἄλλος ἄλλοθεν κατὰ πτόλιν
 ἔλασκον εὐφημοῦντες ἐν θεῶν ἑδραῖς
 θυηφάγον κοιμῶντες εὐώδη φλόγα.
 καὶ νῦν τὰ μᾶσσω μὲν τί δεῖ σέ μοι λέγειν;
 ἄνακτος αὐτοῦ πάντα πεύσομαι λόγον.
 ὅπως δ' ἄριστα τὸν ἐμὸν αἰδοῖον πόσιν
 σπεύσω πάλιν μολόντα δέξασθαι—τί γὰρ
 γυναικὶ τούτου φέγγος ἥδιον δρακεῖν,
 ἀπὸ στρατείας ἀνδρὶ σώσαντος θεοῦ
 πύλας ἀνοῖξαι;—ταῦτ' ἀπάγγελτον πόσει·
 ἦκειν ὅπως τάχιστ' ἐράσμιον πόλει·
 γυναιῖκα πιστὴν δ' ἐν δόμοις εὖροι μολὼν
 οἴανπερ οὖν ἔλειπε, δωμάτων κύνα

To him devoted, hostile to his foes,
In all points like herself, no single seal
Through these long years invaded by her hand.
Pleasure, or blameful word from other man,
Foreign to me as dyer's hue to brass.
A boast like this, fraught as it is with truth,
The lip misseems not of a high-born dame.

Exit CLYTAEMNESTRA.

Cho. Behold! The queen herself hath tutored thee;
Decorous words her clear interpreters.
But tell me, Herald, touching Menelas,
Doth he in safety homeward with the host
Hither return, prince to his country dear?

Her. False news were I to tell, in flatt'ring terms,
Not long would friends enjoy the fair deceit.

Cho. Oh, could'st thou speak auspicious words yet
true!

That here they sundered are is all too plain.

Her. The man is vanished from th' Achaian host;
Himself and galley. No untruth I tell.

Cho. Steering ahead from Troy? or hath a storm,
A common terror, snatched him from the host?

Her. Like skilful archer thou hast hit the mark;
And hast in brief a mighty woe declared.

Cho. Say, doth the voice of other mariners
Report of him as living, or as dead?

Her. No one so knoweth as to speak his doom,
Save the bright Sun, feeder of teeming earth.

Cho. How! Burst the tempest on the naval host.
Through anger of the gods? say, what the end?

Her. Auspicious day with ill-announcing tongue

ἐσθλὴν ἐκείνῳ, πολεμίαν τοῖς δύσφροσιν,
καὶ τᾶλλ' ὁμοίαν πάντα, σημαντήριον
οὐδὲν διαφθείρασαν ἐν μήκει χρόνου.
οὐδ' οἶδα τέρψιν οὐδ' ἐπίψογον φάτιν
ἄλλον πρὸς ἀνδρὸς μᾶλλον ἢ χαλκοῦ βαφάς.
τοιόσδ' ὁ κόμπος τῆς ἀληθείας γέμων
οὐκ αἰσχρὸς ὡς γυναικὶ γενναίᾳ λακεῖν.

Exit CLYTAEMNESTRA.

- ΧΟ. αὕτη μὲν οὕτως εἶπε μανθάνοντί σοι
τοροῖσιν ἐρμηνεύσιν εὐπρεπῶς λόγον.
σὺ δ' εἶπέ, κῆρυξ, Μενέλεων δὲ πεύθομαι,
εἰ νόστιμός τε καὶ σεσωσμένος πάλιν
ἥξει σὺν ὑμῖν, τῆσδε γῆς φίλον κράτος.
- ΚΗ. οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως λέξαιμι τὰ ψευδῆ καλὰ
εἰς τὸν πολὺν φίλοισι καρποῦσθαι χρόνον.
- ΧΟ. πῶς δῆτ' ἂν εἰπὼν κεδνὰ τάληθῇ τύχοις;
σχισθέντα δ' οὐκ εὐκρυπτα γίγνεται τάδε.
- ΚΗ. ἀνὴρ ἄφαντος ἐξ Ἀχαιϊκοῦ στρατοῦ,
αὐτός τε καὶ τὸ πλοῖον. οὐ ψευδῆ λέγω.
- ΧΟ. πότερον ἀναχθεῖς ἐμφανῶς ἐξ Ἰλίου,
ἢ χεῖμα, κοινὸν ἄχθος, ἥρπασε στρατοῦ;
- ΚΗ. ἔκυρσας ὥστε τοξότης ἄκρος σκοποῦ·
μακρὸν δὲ πῆμα συντόμως ἐφημίσω.
- ΧΟ. πότερα γὰρ αὐτοῦ ζῶντος ἢ τεθνηκότος
φάτις πρὸς ἄλλων ναυτίλων ἐκλήζετο;
- ΚΗ. οὐκ οἶδεν οὐδεὶς ὥστ' ἀπαγγεῖλαι τορῶς,
πλὴν τοῦ τρέφοντος Ἰλίου χθονὸς φύσιν.
- ΧΟ. πῶς γὰρ λέγεις χειμῶνα ναυτικῷ στρατῷ
ἐλθεῖν τελευτῆσαί τε δαιμόνων κότῳ;
- ΚΗ. εὐφημον ἡμαρ οὐ πρόπει κακαγγέλῳ

Beseems not to defile. In weal and woe
Diverse the honour due unto the gods.
When messenger, sad-visaged, tidings dire
Of routed armies to the city bears,
A common wound inflicting on the state,
While many men from many homes are banned,
Smit by the twofold scourge which Ares loves.
Twin-speared Calamity, a gory pair;—
Whoso is laden with such woes as these
The pæan of the Furies well may raise.
But coming to a town in jubilee,
Glad messenger of safety and success,
How shall I tidings mingle fair and foul,
The tale unfolding of the storm that smote
The Achaian host, not without wrath of Heaven?
For fire and ocean, bitter foes of yore,
Sware true alliance and redeemed their pledge,
Whelming Achaia's luckless armament.
Then in the night foul-surgings mischiefs rose:
Beneath the Thracian blasts ship against ship
Dashed wildly; they, sore-butted by the storm,
With furious wind and stress of pelting rain,
Vanished from sight, 'neath whirl of shepherd dire.
And when uprose the sun's fair light, behold,
The Aegean sea with flowerage overstrewn,—
Corpses of Grecian men and wrecks of ships.
Us, and our vessel with undamaged hull,
Some god, I ween, (not mortal was the power,)
Ruling the helm, hath saved, by stealth or prayer.
But Saviour Fortune lighting on our ship,
At moorage she nor felt the billows' strain,
Nor drave against the iron-girded coast.

γλώσῃ μιαίνειν· χωρὶς ἢ τιμὴ θεῶν.
 ὅταν δ' ἀπευκτὰ πῆματ' ἄγγελος πόλει
 στυγνῷ προσώπῳ πτωσίμου στρατοῦ φέρῃ,
 πόλει μὲν ἔλκος ἐν τὸ δῆμιον τυχεῖν,
 πολλοὺς δὲ πολλῶν ἐξαγισθέντας δόμων
 ἄνδρας διπλῇ μάστιγι, τὴν Ἄρης φιλεῖ,
 δίλογχον ἄτην, φοινίαν ξυνωρίδα·
 τοιῶνδε μέντοι πημάτων σεσαγμένον
 πρέπει λέγειν παιᾶνα τόνδ' Ἑρινύων.
 σωτηρίων δὲ πραγμάτων εὐάγγελον
 ἦκοντα πρὸς χαίρουσαν εὐεστοῖ πόλιν,
 πῶς κεδνὰ τοῖς κακοῖσι συμμίξω, λέγων
 χειμῶν' Ἀχαιοῖς οὐκ ἀμήνιτον θεῶν;
 ξυνώμοσαν γάρ, ὄντες ἔχθιστοι τὸ πρίν,
 πῦρ καὶ θάλασσα, καὶ τὰ πίστ' ἐδειξάτην
 φθείροντε τὸν δύστηνον Ἀργείων στρατόν.
 ἐν νυκτὶ δυσκύμαντα δ' ὠρώρει κακά.
 ναῦς γὰρ πρὸς ἀλλήλαισι Θρήκiai πνοαὶ
 ἤρεικον· αἱ δὲ κεροτυπούμεναι βία
 χειμῶνι τυφῷ σὺν ζάλῃ τ' ὀμβροκτύπῳ,
 ὥχοντ' ἄφαντοι, ποιμένος κακοῦ στρόβῳ.
 ἐπεὶ δ' ἀνῆλθε λαμπρὸν ἡλίου φάος,
 ὁρώμεν ἀνθοῦν πέλαγος Λιγαῖον νεκροῖς
 ἀνδρῶν Ἀχαιῶν ναυτικοῖς τ' ἐρειπίοις.
 ἡμᾶς γε μὲν δὴ ναῦν τ' ἀκήρατον σκάφος
 ἦτοι τις ἐξέκλεψεν ἢ ἔξητήσατο
 θεός τις, οὐκ ἄνθρωπος, οἷακος θιγών.
 τύχη δὲ σωτὴρ ναῖν θέλουσ' ἐφέζετο,
 ὥς μήτ' ἐν ὄρμῳ κύματος ζάλην ἔχειν
 μήτ' ἐξοκείλαι πρὸς κραταίλεων χθόνα.

Then safe at last, from watery Hades snatch'd,
In genial daylight, still mistrusting chance,
With anxious thought o'er this new grief we
 brooded,—

Our host sore wearied, and in evil plight.
And doubtless now, if any still survive,
They speak of us as dead. Why should they not?
As we imagine a like fate for them.
But may the best befall! For Menelas,
Foremost and chief, expect him to arrive;
If any sunbeam knows of him as safe,
Rejoicing in the light, (through the device
Of Zeus, not willing yet the race to whelm,)
Good hope there is that he may yet return.
Hearing this tale, know, thou the truth hast heard.

Exit HERALD.

Cho. Who, oh who, with truest aim,
Did the battle-wedded dame,
Prize of conflict, Helen name?
Was it not one, unseen, in happy hour,
Guiding his tongue with Fate-presaging power?
Helen, the captor;—titled fittingly,—
Captor of ships, of men, of cities, she
 From dainty curtained bower hath fled,
 By Titan zephyr borne along;
Straight in her quarrel mustered strong
The shielded hunters' mighty throng,
 Marshalled for battle;—forth they sped,
 Swift on *their* track whose viewless oar
Harbour had found on Simois' leafy shore.

ἔπειτα δ' "Αἰδην πόντιον πεφενγότες,
 λευκὸν κατ' ἡμαρ, οὐ πεποιθότες τύχη,
 ἐβουκολοῦμεν φροντίσιν νέον πάθος,
 στρατοῦ καμόντος καὶ κακῶς σποδουμένου.
 καὶ νῦν ἐκείνων εἴ τις ἐστὶν ἐμπνέων,
 λέγουσιν ἡμᾶς ὡς ὀλωλότας, τί μὴν;
 ἡμεῖς τ' ἐκείνους ταῦτ' ἔχειν δοξάζομεν.
 γένοιτο δ' ὡς ἄριστα. Μενέλεων γὰρ οὖν
 πρῶτόν τε καὶ μάλιστα προσδόκα μολεῖν.
 εἰ δ' οὖν τις ἀκτὶς ἡλίου νιν ἱστορεῖ
 καὶ ζῶντα καὶ βλέποντα, μηχαναῖς Διός,
 οὔπω θέλοντος ἐξαναλῶσαι γένος,
 ἐλπίς τις αὐτὸν πρὸς δόμους ἥξειν πάλιν.
 τοσαῦτ' ἀκούσας ἴσθι τάληθῇ κλύων.

Exit HERALD.

ΧΟ. τίς ποτ' ὠνόμαζεν ᾧδ'
 ἐς τὸ πᾶν ἐτητύμως—
 μή τις ὄντιν' οὐχ ὀρώ-
 μεν προνοίαισι τοῦ πεπρωμένου
 γλῶσσαν ἐν τύχῃ νέμων;—
 τὰν δορίγαμβρον ἀμφινει-
 κῇ θ' Ἑλέναν; ἐπεὶ πρεπόντως
 ἐλένας, ἔλανδρος, ἐλέπτολις,
 ἐκ τῶν ἀβροτίμων
 προκαλυμμάτων ἔπλευσε
 ζεφύρου γίγαντος αὔρα,
 πολυάνδροί τε φεράσπιδες
 κυναγοὶ κατ' ἶχνος πλατᾶν ἄφαντον
 κελσάντων Σιμόεντος
 ἀκτὰς ἐπ' ἀξιφύλλους
 δι' ἔριν αἵματόεσσαν.

στρ. α'.

Wrath, with direful issue fraught,
Thus to hapless Ilion brought
Dear alliance, dearly bought:
Requiter of the outraged festal board,
And of high Zeus, the hearth's presiding Lord;
Late vengeance wreaking on the guilty throng,
Who carol jubilant the bridal song,
Which, fate-impelled, the bridegroom's kin prolong.
But aged Priam's city hoar
A novel hymn doth now intone,
From many a voice; with mighty groan,
Woe upon Paris' bridal bed
She utters;—she who long before
A dirgeful life, alas! had led,
Weeping her sons in wretched slaughter sped.

So once did wight incautious rear
A suckling lion, for the breast
Still yearning, to the house a pest.
Tame in life's early morning, dear
To childhood, and by Eld caressed.
Carried full oft in fondling play,
Like to a babe in arms he lay;
The hand with winning glances wooed,
And, smit with pangs of hunger, fawned for food.

But time the temper doth bewray
Inherent in his race. Due meed
Of gentle nurture to repay,
Rending the flocks with cruel greed,
Unbidden he prepares the feast,
And mars with gory stain the halls.

Ἰλίῳ δὲ κῆδος ὀρθ-
 ώνυμον τελεσσίφρων
 μῆνις ἤλασεν, τραπέ-
 ζας ἀτίμωσιν ὑστέρω χρόνῳ
 καὶ ξυνεστίου Διὸς
 πρασσομένα τὸ νυμφότι-
 μον μέλος ἐκφάτως τίνοντας,
 ὑμέναιον, ὃς τότε' ἐπέρρεπεν
 γαμβροῖσιν αἰίδειν.
 μεταμανθάνουσα δ' ὕμνον
 Πριάμου πόλις γεραιὰ
 πολύθρηνον μέγα που στένει
 κικλήσκουσα Πάριν τὸν αἰνόλεκτρον,
 παμπορθῇ πολύθρηνον
 αἰῶνα διαὶ πολιτᾶν
 μέλεον αἶμ' ἀνατλᾶσα.

ἀντ. α'.

ἔθρεψεν δὲ λέοντος ἱ-
 νιν δόμοις ἀγάλακτον οὕ-
 τως ἀνὴρ φιλόμαστον,
 ἐν βιότου προτελείοις
 ἄμερον, εὐφιλόπαιδα
 καὶ γεραροῖς ἐπίχαρτον.
 πολέα δ' ἔσκ' ἐν ἀγκάλαις
 νεοτρόφου τέκνου δίκαν,
 φαιδρωπὸς ποτὶ χεῖρα σαί-
 νων τε γαστρὸς ἀνάγκαις.

στρ. β'.

χρονισθεὶς δ' ἀπέδειξεν ἡ-
 θος τὸ πρὸς τοκέων· χάριν
 γὰρ τροφεῦσιν ἀμείβων
 μηλοφόνοισι σὺν ἄταις
 δαῖτ' ἀκέλευστος ἔτευξεν·
 αἵματι δ' οἶκος ἐφύρθη,

ἀντ. β'.

Resistless, dire, athirst for prey,
The pest the menial train appals,
Reared for the house by Heaven, fell Atë's priest.

So came to Troia's walls, in evil hour,
Spirit of breathless calm, fair pride
Of riches, love's soul-piercing flower,
The eyes' soft dart; but from the course aside
Swerving, to wedlock bitter end she wrought.
To Priam's offspring came she, mischief fraught,
Evil companion, bringing evil dower.
By Zeus escorted, guardian of the guest,
She sped, dire Fury, bridal pest.

Lives among men this saw, voiced long ago;
"Success consummate breeds apace,
Nor childless dies, but to the race
From prosperous Fortune springeth cureless Woe."
Apart I hold my solitary creed.
Prolific truly is the impious deed;
Like to the evil stock, the evil seed;
But fate ordains that righteous homes shall aye
Rejoice in goodly progeny.

But ancient Arrogance, or soon or late,
When strikes the hour ordained by Fate,
Breedeth new Arrogance, which still
Revels, wild wantoner in human ill;
And the new birth another brood
Unhallowed, in the house doth bear;—
Gorged Insolence, and, not to be withstood,
Defiant Boldness, demon unsubdued;—
Swart curses twain, their parents' mien that wear.

ἄμαχον ἄλγος οἰκέταις
 μέγα σίνος πολύκτονον.
 ἐκ θεοῦ δ' ἱερεὺς τις ἄ-
 τας δόμοις προσεθρέφθη.

πάραυτα δ' ἐλθεῖν ἐς Ἰλίου πόλιν

στρ. γ'.

λέγοιμ' ἂν φρόνημα μὲν
 νηνέμου γαλάνας,
 ἀκασκαῖον δ' ἄγαλμα πλούτου,
 μαλθακὸν ὁμμάτων βέλος,
 δηξίθυμον ἔρωτος ἄνθος.
 παρακλίνας' ἐπέκρανευ
 δὲ γάμου πικρὰς τελευτάς,
 δύσεδρος καὶ δυσόμιλος
 συμένα Πριαμίδαισιν,
 πομπᾷ Διὸς ξενίου,
 νυμφόκλαυτος Ἑρινύς.

παλαίφατος δ' ἐν βροτοῖς γέρων λόγος ἀντ. γ'.

τέτυκται, μέγαν τελε-
 σθέντα φωτὸς ὄλβον
 τεκνοῦσθαι μῆδ' ἄπαιδα θνήσκειν,
 ἐκ δ' ἀγαθᾶς τύχας γένει
 βλαστάνειν ἀκόρεστον οἰζύν.
 δίχα δ' ἄλλων μονόφρων εἰ-
 μί. τὸ δυσσεβὲς γὰρ ἔργον
 μετὰ μὲν πλείονα τίκτει,
 σφετέρᾳ δ' εἰκότα γέννα.
 οἴκων δ' ἄρ' εὐθυδίκων
 καλλίπαις πότμος αἰεί.

φιλεῖ δὲ τίκτειν ὕβρις

στρ. δ'.

μὲν παλαιὰ νεά-
 ζουσιν ἐν κακοῖς βροτῶν
 ὕβριν τότε ἢ τότε, ὅτε τὸ κύριον μόλη
 φάος τόκου,
 δαίμονά τε τὰν ἄμαχον, ἀπόλεμον,
 ἀνιερὸν θράσος, μελαί-
 νας μελάθροισιν Ἄτας,
 εἰδομένας τοκεῦσιν.

But Justice doth the smoke-begrimèd cell
Illumine with celestial sheen,
And loves with honest worth to dwell.
Gold-spangled palaces with hands unclean,
Forsaking with averted eyes,
To holy Innocence she flies.
The power of wealth, if falsely stamped with
praise,
With homage she disdains to recognize,
And to their fated issue all things sways.

End of Act I.

Δίκα δὲ λάμπει μὲν ἐν
ἀντ. δ'.
δυσκάπνοις δώμασιν,
τὸν δ' ἐναίσιμον τίει.
τὰ χρυσόπαστα δ' ἔδεθλα σὺν πίνῳ χερῶν
παλιντρόποις
ὄμμασι λιποῦσ', ὅσια προσέμολε
δύναμιν οὐ σέβουσα πλού-
του παράσημον αἶνῳ.
πᾶν δ' ἐπὶ τέρμα νωμᾷ.

End of Act I.



ACT II.

SCENE. *The court of the palace of AGAMEMNON,
as before.*

Enter the CHORUS.

Cho. Hail, royal lord! Stormer of Ilion, hail!
Scion of Atreus! How compose my speech,
How due obeisance render thee,
Yet neither overshoot the mark, nor fail
The goal of fitting compliment to reach?
For many men, transgressing right, there be
Semblance who place above reality.
To him who groans beneath affliction's smart,
All men have prompt condolence; but the sting
Of feignèd sorrow reaches not the heart.
So men with others' joy rejoicing, bring
Over their visage an enforcèd smile:
But the discerning shepherd knows his flock,
And his unerring glance detects their guile,
Who simulating love, with glozing art
And watery kindness fawn, but inly mock.
But thou, O King, (I speak without disguise,)
In Helen's quarrel busking war's array,
A mien didst wear unseemly in mine eyes,
Guiding not well the rudder of thy mind,
Who didst, on death-devoted men, essay



ACT II.

SCENE. *The court of the palace of AGAMEMNON,
as before.*

Enter the CHORUS.

Χο. ἄγε δῆ, βασιλεῦ, Τροίας πτολίπορθ',
'Ατρέως γένεθλον,
πῶς σε προσείπω; πῶς σε σεβίζω
μήθ' ὑπεράρας μήθ' ὑποκάμψας
καιρὸν χάριτος;
πολλοὶ δὲ βροτῶν τὸ δοκεῖν εἶναι
προτίουσι δίκην παραβάντες.
τῷ δυσπραγοῦντι δ' ἐπιστενάχειν
πᾶς τις ἔτοιμος· δῆγμα δὲ λύπης
οὐδὲν ἐφ' ἥπαρ προσικνέεται·
καὶ ξυγχαίρουσιν ὁμοιοπρεπεῖς
ἀγέλαστα πρόσωπα βιαζόμενοι.
ὅστις δ' ἀγαθὸς προβατογνώμων,
οὐκ ἔστι λαθεῖν ὄμματα φωτός,
τὰ δοκοῦντ' εὐφρονος ἐκ διανοίας
ὑδαρεῖ σαίνειν φιλότῃ.
σὺν δέ μοι τότε μὲν στέλλων στρατιὰν
'Ελένης ἔνεκ', οὐ γάρ σ' ἐπικεύσω,
κάρτ' ἀπομούσως ἦσθα γεγραμμένος,
οὐδ' εὖ πραπίδων οἶακα νέμων

Courage to urge, by sacrifice.

But those who have achieved the great emprise,
Not from the surface of my mind alone,
I welcome now, with feelings not unkind;
And inquest made, in time shall it be known,
Who of thy citizens at home the while
Guarded thy state with truth, and who with guile.

Enter in triumph, L, AGAMEMNON. He is in a chariot drawn by slaves. CASSANDRA is seated at his feet. CLYTAEMNESTRA, attended, enters from the palace.

Ag. First Argos and her tutelary gods,
Who with me wrought to compass my return,
And visit Priam's town with vengeance due,
Justly I hail. For in this cause the gods,
Swayed by no hearsay, in the bloody urn
Without dissentient voice the pebbles cast,
Sealing the doom of Ilion and her sons.
But to the rival urn, by no hand filled,
Hope only came. Smoke still uprising marks
The captured city; Atè's incense-fires
Are living still, but, dying as they die,
The ash sends upward costly fumes of wealth.
Wherefore 'tis meet to render to the gods
Memorial thanks; since round them we have cast
Our vengeful toils, and in a woman's cause
The Argive monster, offspring of the horse,
Host shield-accountred, made its deadly leap,
And Priam's city levelled to the dust,
What time the Pleiades in ocean waned;
So, bounding o'er the towers, of princely blood
The raw-devouring lion lapped his fill.

θράσος ἐκούσιον

ἀνδράσι θνήσκουσι κομίζων.

νῦν δ' οὐκ ἀπ' ἄκρας φρενὸς οὐδ' ἀφίλως

εὐφρων πόλις εὖ τελέσασιν.

γνώσει δὲ χρόνῳ διαπευθόμενος

τόν τε δικαίως καὶ τὸν ἀκαίρως

πόλιν οἰκουροῦντα πολιτῶν.

Enter in triumph, L, AGAMEMNON. He is in a chariot drawn by slaves. CASSANDRA is seated at his feet. CLYTAEMNESTRA, attended, enters from the palace.

ΑΓ. πρῶτον μὲν Ἄργος καὶ θεοὺς ἐγχωρίους
 δίκη προσειπεῖν, τοὺς ἐμοὶ μεταίτιους
 νόστου δικαίων θ' ὧν ἐπραξάμην πόλιν
 Πριάμου· δίκας γὰρ οὐκ ἀπὸ γλώσσης θεοὶ
 κλύοντες ἀνδροθνήτας Ἴλίου φθορὰς
 εἰς αἵματηρὸν τεῦχος οὐ διχορρόπως
 ψήφους ἔθεντο· τῷ δ' ἐναντίῳ κύτει
 ἐλπὶς προσήει χειρὸς οὐ πληρουμένῳ.
 καπνῷ δ' ἀλούσα νῦν ἔτ' εὖσημος πόλις.
 ἄτης θύελλαι ζῶσι· συνθνήσκουσα δὲ
 σποδὸς προπέμπει πίνοντας πλούτου πνοάς.
 τούτων θεοῖσι χρὴ πολύμνηστον χάριν
 τίνειν, ἐπείπερ καὶ πάγας ὑπερκότους
 ἐφραξάμεσθα καὶ γυναικὸς οὔνεκα
 πόλιν διημάθυνεν Ἀργεῖον δάκος,
 ἵππου νεοσσός, ἀσπιδοστροφὸς λεώς,
 πήδημ' ὀρούσας ἀμφὶ Πλειάδων δύσιν·
 ὑπερθορῶν δὲ πύργον ὤμησης λέων
 ἄδην ἔλειξεν αἵματος τυραννικοῦ.

This lengthened prelude to the gods! and now
Weighing the judgment ye erewhile expressed,
I say the same, and am with you agreed.

To few is it congenial, envy-free,
To venerate the friend whom Fortune crowns.
The jealous poison, lodged within the heart,
Tortures with twofold pang whom it infects;
By his own griefs oppressed, the envious man
Groans also to behold another's joy.

Out of my proof I speak, for, well I wot,
Who friendship most pretended, only were
Its mirrored image, shadow of a shade.

None but Odysseus, who unwilling sailed,
Once harnessed, was my trusty yoke-fellow;
This I affirm, be he alive or dead.

But for the rest, what to the state pertains,
And to the gods, a full assembly called,
We'll weigh in free debate. Counsel we need,
That where the state is sound, we keep it so;
But where disease the healer's art requires,
By kind excision, or by cautery,
We shall attempt to remedy the harm.

Now to my palace and my household hearth
Returning, first will I the gods salute,
Who forward sped me, and who lead me home;
Since victory so far hath followed me,
Here may she henceforth stedfastly abide!

Cly. Men of our city, Argive elders here,
I shame not in your presence to avow
My wifely temper; bashful Fear in time
From mortals dieth: not by others taught,
But from myself, the wretched life I'll tell

θεοῖς μὲν ἐξέτεινα φροῖμιον τόδε·
 τὰ δ' ἐς τὸ σὸν φρόνημα, μέμνημαι κλίων,
 καὶ φημὶ ταῦτ' αἰσιν ἀνιήγορόν μ' ἔχεις.
 παύροις γὰρ ἀνδρῶν ἐστὶ συγγενὲς τόδε,
 φίλον τὸν εὐτυχοῦντ' ἄνευ φθόνου σέβειν.
 δύσφρων γὰρ ἰὸς καρδίαν προσήμενος
 ἄχθος διπλοῖζει τῷ πεπαμένῳ νόσον,
 τοῖς τ' αὐτὸς αὐτοῦ πήμασιν βαρύνεται
 καὶ τὸν θυραῖον ὄλβον εἰσορῶν στένει.
 εἰδὼς λέγοιμ' ἄν, εὖ γὰρ ἐξεπίσταμαι,
 ὁμιλίας κάτοπτρον, εἰδῶλον σκιᾶς,
 δοκοῦντας εἶναι κάρτα πρευμανεῖς ἐμοί.
 μόνος δ' Ὀδυσσεύς, ὅσπερ οἶχ' ἐκὼν ἔπλει,
 ζευχθεὶς ἔτοιμος ἦν ἐμοὶ σειραφόρος·
 εἴτ' οὖν θανόντος εἴτε καὶ ζῶντος πέρι
 λέγω. τὰ δ' ἄλλα πρὸς πόλιν τε καὶ θεοὺς
 κοινούς ἀγῶνας θέντες ἐν πανηγύρει
 βουλευσόμεσθα. καὶ τὸ μὲν καλῶς ἔχον
 ὅπως χρονίζον εὖ μειρεῖ βουλευτέον·
 ὅτῳ δὲ καὶ δεῖ φαρμάκων παιωνίων,
 ἥτοι κέαντες ἢ τεμόντες εὐφρόνως
 πειρασόμεσθα πῇμ' ἀποστρέψαι νόσου.
 νῦν δ' ἐς μέλαθρα καὶ δόμους ἐφ'esτίους
 ἐλθὼν θεοῖσι πρῶτα δεξιώσομαι,
 οἵπερ πρόσω πέμψαντες ἤγαγον πάλιν.
 νίκη δ' ἐπεὶ περ ἔσπετ', ἐμπέδως μένοι.

ΚΑ. ἄνδρες πολῖται, πρέσβος Ἀργείων τόδε,
 οὐκ αἰσχυροῦμαι τοὺς φιλόνορας τρόπους
 λέξαι πρὸς ὑμᾶς· ἐν χρόνῳ δ' ἀποφθίνει
 τὸ τάρβος ἀνθρώποισιν. οὐκ ἄλλων πάρα
 μαθοῦς, ἐμαυτῆς δύσφορον λέξω βίον

'Twas mine to lead while this man was at Troy.
First, for a woman severed from her mate,
To sit forlorn at home is grievous woe,
Hearing malignant murmurs manifold.
One courier comes, another in his train
Worse tidings brings to echo through the house;
And as for wounds, had my dear lord received
As many as report kept pouring in,
A net methinks had not been more transpierced.
Or had he died oft as reported then,
A second triple-bodied Geryon,
Enduring death in every form he wore.
Thus harassed by these ever-rife reports,
Full often from my neck have forceful hands
Seized and untied the beam-suspended noose.
And for this cause our son, pledge of our troth,
Of mine and thine, stands not beside me now,
As stand he should, Orestes. Marvel not,
For him thy trusty spear-guest nourisheth;
Strophius, the Phocian, who hath me forewarned
Of twofold peril, thine 'neath Ilion's wall,
And next lest clamour-fostered Anarchy
Hazard the plot, for 'tis with men inborn
To trample further him already down.
This pretext, trust me, carries no deceit.
But for myself the gushing founts of grief
Are all dried up, no single tear is left;
Sore with late watching are my weary eyes,
Weeping the fiery beacons set for thee
Neglected ever. Often from my dreams
Was I awakened by the tiny hum
Of buzzing gnat, seeing, endured by thee,

τοσόνδ' ὅσον περ οὗτος ἦν ὑπ' Ἰλῖω.
 τὸ μὲν γυναῖκα πρῶτον ἄρσεως δίχα
 ἦσθαι δόμοις ἔρημον ἔκπαγλον κακόν,
 πολλὰς κλύουσιν κληδόνας παλιγκότους·
 καὶ τὸν μὲν ἥκειν, τὸν δ' ἐπεσφέρειν κακοῦ
 κάκιον ἄλλο πῆμα, λάσκοντας δόμοις.
 καὶ τραυμάτων μὲν εἰ τόσων ἐτύγχανεν
 ἀνὴρ ὅδ', ὡς πρὸς οἶκον ὠχετεύετο
 φάτις, τέτρηται δικτύου πλέον λέγειν.
 εἰ δ' ἦν τεθνηκώς, ὡς ἐπλήθουν λόγοι,
 τρισώματός τ' αὖ Γηρυὼν ὁ δεύτερος
 χθονὸς τρίμοιρον χλαῖναν ἐξηύχει λαβεῖν,
 ἅπαξ ἐκάστῳ κατθανὼν μορφώματι.
 τοιῶνδ' ἕκατι κληδόνων παλιγκότων
 πολλὰς ἄνωθεν ἀρτάνας ἐμῆς δέρης
 ἔλυσαν ἄλλοι πρὸς βίαν λελημμένης.
 ἐκ τῶνδ' εἰ παῖς ἐνθάδ' οὐ παραστατεῖ,
 ἐμῶν τε καὶ σῶν κύριος πιστωμάτων,
 ὡς χρῆν, Ὀρέστης· μηδὲ θαυμάσης τόδε.
 τρέφει γὰρ αὐτὸν εὐμενὴς δορυξένης
 Στρόφιος ὁ Φωκεύς, ἀμφίλεκτα πῆματα
 ἐμοὶ προφωνῶν, τὸν θ' ὑπ' Ἰλῖω σέθεν
 κίνδυνον, εἴ τε δημόθρους ἀναρχία
 βουλὴν καταρρίψειεν, ὥστε σύγγονον
 βροτοῖσι τὸν πεσόντα λακτίσαι πλέον.
 τοιάδε μέντοι σκῆψις οὐ δόλον φέρει.
 ἔμοιγε μὲν δὴ κλαυμάτων ἐπίσσυτοι
 πηγαὶ κατεσβήκασιν, οὐδ' ἐνὶ σταγών.
 ἐν ὀψικοίτοις δ' ὄμμασιν βλάβας ἔχω
 τὰς ἀμφί σοι κλαίουσα λαμπτηρουχίας
 ἀτημελήτους αἰέν. ἐν δ' ὀνείρασιν
 λεπταῖς ὑπαὶ κώνωπος ἐξηγειρόμην
 ῥιπαῖσι θωύσσοντος, ἀμφί σοι πάθη

More woes than could have filled mine hour of sleep.

These sorrows past, now with a heart unwrung
I hail my husband, watchdog of the fold,
Sure forestay of the ship; of lofty roof
Pillar firm based; Sire's sole-begotten child;
Land beyond hope looming to mariners;
Day after storm most brilliant to behold;
To thirsty wayfarer clear gushing spring.
Sooth, sweet it is to 'scape from harsh constraint;

With such addresses do I honour him.
Let Envy stand aloof! for we have borne
Ere this full many a woe. Now dear my lord
Come from thy car; but on the ground, O King,
Plant not the foot that trampled Ilion.

Slaves advance from the palace, bringing with them a purple carpet which they spread from the doors of the palace to the chariot of AGAMEMNON.

Maidens, why tarry ye, whose duty 'tis
With carpets to bespread his stepping-floor?
Swift, purple-strew his passage to a home
Unlooked for, e'en as Justice may conduct;
What further she decreeth with the gods,
Thought, not by sleep o'ermastered, shall
dispose.

Ag. Daughter of Leda! Guardian of my home!
Such as my absence was, is now thy speech,
Drawn out to ample length. With better grace
My praise had come from others than from thee.

ὀρώσα πλείω τοῦ ξυνεύδοντος χρόνου.
 νῦν ταῦτα πάντα τλᾶσ' ἀπενθήτῳ φρενὶ
 λέγοιμ' ἂν ἄνδρα τόνδε τῶν σταθμῶν κύνα,
 σωτήρα ναὸς πρότονον, ὑψηλῆς στέγης
 στῦλον ποδήρη, μονογενὲς τέκνον πατρί,
 καὶ γῆν φανείσαν ναυτίλοις παρ' ἐλπίδα,
 κάλλιστον ἡμάρ εἰσιδεῖν ἐκ χείματος,
 ὁδοιπόρῳ διψῶντι πηγαῖον ῥέος.
 τερπινὸν δὲ τὰναγκαῖον ἐκφυγεῖν ἔπαι.
 τοιοῖσδέ τοί νιν ἀξιῶ προσφθέγμασιν.
 φθόνος δ' ἀπέστω· πολλὰ γὰρ τὰ πρὶν κακὰ
 ἡνειχόμεσθα. νῦν δέ μοι, φίλον κára,
 ἔκβαιν' ἀπήνης τῆσδε, μὴ χαμαὶ τιθεῖς
 τὸν σὸν πόδ', ὦναξ, Ἰλίου πορθήτορα.

Slaves advance from the palace, bringing with them a purple carpet which they spread from the doors of the palace to the chariot of AGAMEMNON.

δμῳαί, τί μέλλεθ', αἷς ἐπέσταλται τέλος
 πέδον κελεύθου στρωννύναι πετάσμασιν;
 εὐθὺς γενέσθω πορφυρόστρωτος πόρος
 ἐς δῶμ' ἄελπτον ὥς ἂν ἡγήται δίκη.
 τὰ δ' ἄλλα φροντὶς οὐχ ὕπνῳ νικωμένη
 θήσει δικαίως σὺν θεοῖς εἰμαρμένα.

ΑΓ. Λήδας γένεθλον, δωμάτων ἐμῶν φύλαξ,
 ἀπουσία μὲν εἵπας εἰκότως ἐμῇ·
 μακρὰν γὰρ ἐξέτεινας· ἀλλ' ἐναισίμῳς
 αἰνεῖν, παρ' ἄλλων χρὴ τόδ' ἔρχεσθαι γέρας·

And for the rest, seek not in woman's guise
To pamper me, nor, gaping forth loud cries,
Bow down to me, as to barbaric wight.
Make not my path with tapestries bestrewn
A mark for envy. To the gods belong
Such signal honours: but for mortal man,
On bright-hued broidery to plant his foot,
I own it, is to me not free from dread;
As mortal honour me, but not as god;
Without foot-carpeting or gorgeous web,
Glory resounds; a constant mind to keep
Is Heaven's best gift; him only call we blest
Who ends in fair prosperity his days.
If thus I bear myself I need not fear.

Cly. Against my settled purpose speak not thus.

Ag. Deem not my sober purpose I will mar.

Cly. Haply thou thus to act hast vowed in fear.

Ag. Final and sure my word as man e'er spake.

Cly. What, thinkest thou, had Priam done if victor?

Ag. Purples, I ween, he verily had trod.

Cly. Then stand not thou in fear of human blame.

Ag. Yet hath the people's rumour mighty power.

Cly. Life envy-free is life unenviable.

Ag. 'Tis not for woman to be fond of strife.

Cly. But it becomes the fortunate to yield.

Ag. Does conquest in this struggle rate so high?

Cly. Yield thee; thy will bend willingly to mine.

Ag. If thou wilt have it so, let one with speed
These buskins loosen, vassals of the foot;
Lest, if with them sea-tinctured robes I tread,
Some jealous eye of gods smite me from far.
For much it shameth me, with wanton feet

καὶ τᾶλλα μὴ γυναικὸς ἐν τρόποις ἐμὲ
 ἄβρυνε, μηδὲ βαρβάρου φωτὸς δίκην
 χαμαιπετὲς βόαμα προσχάνης ἐμοί,
 μηδ' εἴμασι στρώσας' ἐπίφθονον πόρον
 τίθει· θεοὺς τοι τοῖσδε τιμαλφεῖν χρεών·
 ἐν ποικίλοις δὲ θνητὸν ὄντα κάλλεσιν
 βαίνειν ἐμοὶ μὲν οὐδαμῶς ἄνευ φόβου.
 λέγω κατ' ἄνδρα, μὴ θεόν, σέβειν ἐμέ.
 χωρὶς ποδοψήστρων τε καὶ τῶν ποικίλων
 κληδὼν αὐτεῖ· καὶ τὸ μὴ κακῶς φρονεῖν
 θεοῦ μέγιστον δῶρον. ὀλβίσαι δὲ χρὴ
 βίον τελευτήσαντ' ἐν εὖστοιῖ φίλῃ.
 εἰ πάντα δ' ὥς πράσσοιμ' ἄν, εὐθαρσῆς ἐγώ.

ΚΛ. καὶ μὴν τόδ' εἰπὲ μὴ παρὰ γνώμην ἐμοί.

ΑΓ. γνώμην μὲν ἴσθι μὴ διαφθεροῦντ' ἐμέ.

ΚΛ. ἡὔξω θεοῖς δείσας ἂν ὧδ' ἔρδειν τάδε;

ΑΓ. εἴπερ τις, εἰδὼς γ' εὖ τόδ' ἐξεῖπον τέλος.

ΚΛ. τί δ' ἂν δοκεῖ σοι Πρίαμος, εἰ τὰδ' ἥνυσεν;

ΑΓ. ἐν ποικίλοις ἂν κάρτα μοι βῆναι δοκεῖ.

ΚΛ. μή νυν τὸν ἀνθρώπειον αἰδεσθῆς ψόγον.

ΑΓ. φήμη γε μέντοι δημόθρους μέγα σθένει.

ΚΛ. ὁ δ' ἀφθόνητός γ' οὐκ ἐπίζηλος πέλει.

ΑΓ. οὔτοι γυναικὸς ἐστὶν ἰμείρειν μάχης.

ΚΛ. τοῖς δ' ὀλβίοις γε καὶ τὸ νικᾶσθαι πρέπει.

ΑΓ. ἦ καὶ σὺ νίκην τήνδε δήριος τίεις;

ΚΛ. πιθοῦ· κράτος μέντοι πάρες γ' ἐκὼν ἐμοί.

ΑΓ. ἀλλ' εἰ δοκεῖ σοι ταῦθ', ὑπαί τις ἁρβύλας

λύοι τάχος, πρόδουλον ἔμβασιν ποδός.

καὶ τοῖσδέ μ' ἔμβαίνονθ' ἰλουργέσιν θεῶν

μή τις πρόσωθεν ὄμματος βάλοι φθόνος.

πολλὴ γὰρ αἰδὼς δωματοφθορεῖν ποσὶν

To mar this wealth of silver-purchased web.
Of this enough. This stranger damsel now
Kindly receive. Zeus, with propitious eye,
Beholds the victor's sway with mercy crowned.
For willingly none bears the captive yoke;
But she, the chosen flower of many a spoil,
Fair present from the host, hath followed me.
But since herein I yield me to thy will,
Treading on purple to my halls I go.

Slaves take off the sandals of AGAMEMNON.

Cly. A sea there is (which who may drain?) that
breeds

Abundant purple, fresh from many a shell,
Precious as silver, brilliant dye of robes,
Whereof, through favour of the gods, these halls
May boast, O King, a store right plentiful;
And poverty is stranger to our house.
Trampling of many garments had I vowed,
Had thus the oracles our house enjoined,
Ransom devising for this precious life.
For while the root lives on, the leafage spreads,
Screening the mansion from the dog-star's ray.
So now, returning to thy household hearth,
As warmth in winter doth thy presence show.
And when Zeus breweth from the acrid grape
Rich wine, then coolness thro' the halls is shed,
Where, crowner of the home, the husband
dwells.

*AGAMEMNON descends from the chariot assisted by
CLYTAEMNESTRA, and enters the palace.*

φθείροντα πλούτον ἀργυρωνήτους θ' ὑφάς.
 τούτων μὲν οὕτω· τὴν ξένην δὲ πρευνμενῶς
 τήνδ' ἐσκόμιζε· τὸν κρατοῦντα μαλθακῶς
 θεὸς πρόσωθεν εὐμενῶς προσδέρκεται.
 ἐκὼν γὰρ οὐδεὶς δουλίῳ χρῆται ζυγῷ.
 αὕτη δὲ πολλῶν χρημάτων ἐξαίρετον
 ἄνθος, στρατοῦ δώρημ', ἐμοὶ ξυνέσπετο.
 ἐπεὶ δ' ἀκούειν σοῦ κατέστραμμαι τάδε,
 εἴμ' ἐς δόμων μέλαθρα πορφύρας πατῶν.

Slaves take off the sandals of AGAMEMNON.

ΚΛ. ἔστιν θάλασσα, τίς δέ νιν κατασβέσει;
 τρέφουσα πολλῆς πορφύρας ἰσάργυρον
 κηκίδα παγκαίνιστον, εἰμάτων βαφαίς.
 οἶκος δ' ὑπάρχει τῶνδε σὺν θεοῖς, ἄναξ,
 ἔχειν· πένεσθαι δ' οὐκ ἐπίσταται δόμος.
 πολλῶν πατησμὸν δ' εἰμάτων ἂν ἠϋξίμην,
 δόμοισι προυνεχθέντος ἐν χρηστηρίοις,
 ψυχῆς κόμιστρα τῆσδε μηχανωμένη.
 ῥίζης γὰρ οὔσης φυλλὰς ἵκετ' ἐς δόμους,
 σκιὰν ὑπερτείνασα σειρίου κυνός.
 καὶ σοῦ μολόντος δωματῖτιν ἐστίαν,
 θάλπος μὲν ἐν χειμῶνι σημαίνει μολόν·
 ὅταν δὲ τεύχη Ζεὺς ἀπ' ὄμφακος πικρᾶς
 οἶνον, τότε ἤδη ψῦχος ἐν δόμοις πέλει,
 ἀνδρὸς τελείου δῶμ' ἐπιστρωφωμένου.

*AGAMEMNON descends from the chariot assisted by
 CLYTEMNESTRA, and enters the palace.*

Zeus, Zeus, all-crowner, my petitions crown :
Thine be the care of that which crown thou wilt.

CLYTAEMNESTRA follows him into the palace.

Cho. Whence this dread portent, that untired
Before my bodeful spirit floats?
Wherefore, unbidden and unhired,
Waken these dark prophetic notes?
Why sits not on my bosom's throne
The direful presage to disown
As riddling dream, assurance strong?
Time's youth hath flown
Since the stern-cables from the boats
Were flung, what time the ship-borne host
Marched on to Ilion from the sandy coast.

After long absence their return
With self-informing eyes I learn;
Yet in its depths my soul, self-taught,
Chanteth Erinys' lyreless strains;
My hopes, of courage reft, depart;
Not vainly throb my inmost reins;
Whirleth on eddies of dark thought
My bodeful heart;
Yet, against hope, the gods I pray,
That, false to augury, my lay
Futile may fall, with vain foreboding fraught.

Never will perfect health confess
Her limit sated; though disease,
Neighbour, with party-wall, against her press.
Sailing with prosperous course elate,

Ζεῦ Ζεῦ τέλειε, τὰς ἐμὰς εὐχὰς τέλει·
μέλαιοι δέ τοι σοὶ τῶνπερ ἂν μέλλης τελεῖν.

CLYTAEMNESTRA follows him into the palace.

ΧΟ. τίπτε μοι τόδ' ἐμπέδως στρ. α'.
δεῖμα προστατήριον
καρδίας τερασκόπου ποτᾶται,
μαντιπολεῖ δ' ἄκελευστος ἄμισθος ἁοιδά,
οὐδ' ἀποπτύσαι δίκαν
δυσκρίτων ὄνειράτων
θάρσος εὐπιθὲς ἵζει
φρενὸς φίλον θρόνον; χρόνος δ' ἐπὶ
πρυμνησίῳ ξυνεμβολαῖς
ψαμμίας ἀκάτας παρή-
βησεν, εὖθ' ὑπ' Ἴλιον
ῶρτο ναυβάτας στρατός.
πεύθομαι δ' ἀπ' ὁμμάτων ἀντ. α'.
νόστον, αὐτόμαρτυς ὦν·
τὸν δ' ἄνευ λύρας ὅμως ὕμνωδεῖ
θρῆνον Ἑρινύος αὐτοδίδακτος ἔσωθεν
θυμός, οὐ τὸ πᾶν ἔχων
ἐλπίδος φίλον θράσος.
σπλάγχνα δ' οὔτι ματάζει
πρὸς ἐνδίοις φρεσὶν τελεσφόροις
δίναις κυκλούμενον κέαρ.
εὔχομαι δ' ἀπ' ἐμᾶς τοιαῦτ'
ἐλπίδος ψύθη πεσεῖν
ἐς τὸ μὴ τελεσφόρον.
μάλα γέ τοι τὸ μεγάλας ὑγιείας στρ. β'.
ἀκόρεστον τέρμα. νόσος γὰρ αἰεὶ
γείτων ὁμότοιχος ἐρείδει,
καὶ πότμος εὐθυπορῶν
· · · · · ·

Strikes on the hidden reef man's proud estate.
Then if reluctant Fear, with well-poised sling,
His bales doth into the ocean fling,
Riseth once more the bark; and though
With evil freighted to the full,
Floateth secure the lightened hull.
So likewise, gift of ample worth
From Zeus, the year's increase,
Whose teeming harvests in the furrows grow,
Quells the disease of dearth.

But when on earth the crimson gore
Of man hath fallen, never more
May charm or spell the vanished life evoke;
Hence he of old, whose mystic lore
Was skilled the dead from Hades to restore,
Fell, blasted by the Thunderer's warning stroke.
Now did not Fate—a heaven-sent Fate—
Baffle my impulse, ere too late,
Leaving behind the lagging tongue,
My heart its bodeful strain had sung.
But now it raves; no cheering rays
My anguished spirit knows,
And hopeless to unravel Fate's dark maze
With fiery ardour glows.

*CLYTAEMNESTRA returns and addresses CASSANDRA,
who is still crouching in the chariot.*

Cly. Come thou too in, Cassandra, thee I mean;
For not in wrath Zeus placed thee in our house
A sharer in our lustral rites to stand,
With many slaves beside his household altar,

ἀνδρὸς ἔπαισεν ἄφαντον ἔρμα.
 καὶ τὸ μὲν πρὸ χρημάτων
 κτησίων ὄκνος βαλὼν
 σφενδόνας ἀπ' εὐμέτρου,
 οὐκ ἔδν πρόπας δόμος
 πημονᾶς γέμων ἄγαν,
 οὐδ' ἐπόντισε σκάφος.
 πολλά τοι δόσις ἐκ Διὸς ἀμ-
 φιλαφίης τε καὶ ἐξ ἀλόκων ἐπετειᾶν
 νῆστιν ὤλεσεν νόσον.

τὸ δ' ἐπὶ γαῖν πεσὸν ἄπαξ θανάσιμον ἀντ. β'.
 προπάροιθ' ἀνδρὸς μέλαν αἶμα τίς ἂν
 πάλιν ἀγκαλέσαιτ' ἐπαείδων;
 οὐδὲ τὸν ὀρθοδαῆ
 τῶν φθιμένων ἀνάγειν
 Ζεὺς ἀπέπαυσεν ἐπ' εὐλαβείᾳ;
 εἰ δὲ μὴ τεταγμένα
 μοῖρα μοῖραν ἐκ θεῶν
 εἶργε μὴ πλέον φέρειν,
 προφθάσασα καρδία
 γλῶσσαν ἂν τάδ' ἐξέχει.
 νῦν δ' ὑπὸ σκότῳ βρέμει
 θυμαλγῆς τε καὶ οὐδὲν ἐπελ-
 πομένα ποτὲ καίριον ἐκτολυπεύσειν
 ζωπυρουμένας φρενός.

CLYTAEMNESTRA returns and addresses CASSANDRA,
 who is still crouching in the chariot.

ΚΛ. εἴσω κομίζου καὶ σύ, Κασάνδραν λέγω,
 ἐπεὶ σ' ἔθηκε Ζεὺς ἀμηνίτως δόμοις
 κοινωνὸν εἶναι χερνίβων, πολλῶν μετὰ
 δούλων σταθεῖσαν κτησίου βωμοῦ πέλας.

Now from this car descend; be not too proud,
For e'en Alcmena's son,—so runs the tale,—
Sold as a slave, endured the forceful yoke;
But if such fate befall thee, great the boon
Heirs of ancestral wealth to own as lords;
For upstarts, beyond hope who fortune reap,—
These reckless are and cruel to their slaves.
From us thou hast what usage warranteth.

Cho. Thee in clear words she hath addressed, and
thou,

Meshed as thou art within the toils of Fate,
Yield if thou canst; mayhap thou wilt not
yield.

Cly. Nay, and she be not, swallow-like, possessed
Of an unknown, barbaric tongue, my words,
Reaching her mind, must move her to comply.

Cho. Follow! She counsels for thy need the best:
Be thou persuaded;—leave thy chariot-seat.

Cly. No leisure have I here before the gates
To linger; for, beside the central hearth,
The victims wait the sacrificial fire;
A favour that our fondest hope transcends.
But thou, if aught wilt do of what I say,
Make no delay; but if, of sense bereft,
Thou canst not catch the meaning of my words,
In lieu of voice, speak with barbarian hand.

Cho. A clear interpreter the stranger needs:
Distracted she seems, like creature newly
caught.

Cly. Nay, she is mad; to her distempered thoughts
She listens; from a newly-captured town
She cometh here, nor knows the yoke to bear,

ἔκβαιν' ἀπήνης τῆσδε, μηδ' ὑπερφρόνει.
 καὶ παῖδα γάρ τοι φασὶν Ἀλκμήνης ποτὲ
 πραθέντα τλῆναι δουλίας μάξης τυχεῖν.
 εἰ δ' οὖν ἀνάγκη τῆσδ' ἐπιρρέποι τύχης,
 ἀρχαιοπλούτων δεσποτῶν πολλὰ χάρις.
 οἱ δ' οὐποτ' ἐλπίσαντες ἤμησαν καλῶς,
 ὦμοί τε δούλοις πάντα καὶ παρὰ στάθμην.
 ἔξεις παρ' ἡμῶν οἰάπερ νομίζεται.

ΧΟ. σοί τοι λέγουσα παύεται σαφῇ λόγον.
 ἐντὸς δ' αἰλοῦσα μορσίμων ἀγρευμάτων
 πείθοι' ἄν, εἰ πείθοι'. ἀπειθοίης δ' ἴσως.

ΚΛ. ἀλλ' εἴπερ ἐστὶ μὴ χελιδόνος δίκην
 ἀγνώτα φωνὴν βάρβαρον κεκτημένη,
 ἔσω φρενῶν λέγουσα πείθω νιν λόγῳ.

ΧΟ. ἔπου. τὰ λῶστα τῶν παρεστώτων λέγει.
 πιθοῦ λιποῦσα τόνδ' ἀμαξήρη θρόνον.

ΚΛ. οὗτοι θυραία τῇδ' ἐμοὶ σχολὴ πάρα
 τρίβειν· τὰ μὲν γὰρ ἐστίας μεσομφάλου
 ἔστηκεν ἤδη μῆλα πρὸς σφαγὰς πυρός,
 ὥς οὐποτ' ἐλπίσασι τήνδ' ἔξειν χάριν.
 σὺ δ' εἴ τι δράσεις τῶνδε, μὴ σχολὴν τίθει.
 εἰ δ' ἀξυνήμων οὔσα μὴ δέχει λόγον,
 σὺ δ' ἀντὶ φωνῆς φράζε καρβάνῳ χερσί.

ΧΟ. ἐρμηνέως ἔοικεν ἢ ξένη τοροῦ
 δεῖσθαι· τρόπος δὲ θηρὸς ὡς νεαιρέτου.

ΚΛ. ἡ μαίνεται γε καὶ κακῶν κλύει φρενῶν,
 ἥτις λιποῦσα μὲν πόλιν νεαίρετον
 ἥκει, χαλινὸν δ' οὐκ ἐπίσταται φέρειν,

Till quelled in foam the passion of her blood.
But words I'll waste no more, thus to be scorned.

Exit CLYTAEMNESTRA into palace.

Cho. But I, by pity moved, will not be wroth;
Come, wretched sufferer, this car forsake;
To Fortune yielding, hansom this new yoke.

CASSANDRA leaves the chariot, restless with growing inspiration.

Cass. Ah me! alas! Gods, Earth!
Apollo, O Apollo!

Cho. Why raise for Loxias these cries of bale?
Not he the god to need the mourner's wail.

Cass. Ah me! alas! Gods, Earth!
Apollo, O Apollo!

Cho. Once more she calleth with ill-omened cry,
The god who hath no part in misery.

Cass. Apollo, O Apollo!
Thou way-god! my destroyer!
Once more thou hast destroyed me utterly.

Cho. She seems about to augur her own ills;
Heaven's breathing e'en in bonds her spirit fills.

Cass. Apollo, O Apollo!
Thou way-god! my destroyer!
Ah, whither hast thou led me? to what roof?

Cho. To the Atreidan; an thou dost not know
I tell thee; thou'lt not say it is not so.

Cass. Ah! Ah!
A heaven-detested house, whose walls of yore.

πρὶν αἵματηρὸν ἐξαφρίζεσθαι μένος.
οὐ μὴν πλέω ρίψας ἀτιμασθήσομαι.

Exit CLYTAEMNESTRA into palace.

ΧΟ. ἐγὼ δ', ἐποικτείρω γάρ, οὐ θυμώσομαι.
ἴθ', ὦ τάλαινα, τόνδ' ἐρημώσας ὄχον,
εἴκουσ' ἀνάγκη τῇδε καίνισον ζυγόν.

CASSANDRA leaves the chariot, restless with growing inspiration.

ΚΑ. ὄτοτοτοτοῖ πόποι δᾶ. στρ. α'.
ὦπολλον ὦπολλον.

ΧΟ. τί ταῦτ' ἀνωτότυξας ἀμφὶ Λοξίου;
οὐ γὰρ τοιοῦτος ὥστε θρηνητοῦ τυχεῖν.

ΚΑ. ὄτοτοτοτοῖ πόποι δᾶ. ἀντ. α'.
ὦπολλον ὦπολλον.

ΧΟ. ἢ δ' αὖτε δυσφημοῦσα τὸν θεὸν καλεῖ
οὐδὲν προσήκοντ' ἐν γόοις παραστατεῖν.

ΚΑ. Ἄπολλον Ἄπολλον στρ. β'.
ἀγυιᾶτ' ἀπόλλων ἐμός.
ἀπώλεσας γὰρ οὐ μόλις τὸ δεύτερον.

ΧΟ. χρήσειν ἔοικεν ἀμφὶ τῶν αὐτῆς κακῶν.
μένει τὸ θεῖον δουλίᾳ περ ἐν φρενί.

ΚΑ. Ἄπολλον Ἄπολλον ἀντ. β'.
ἀγυιᾶτ' ἀπόλλων ἐμός.
ἂ ποῖ ποτ' ἤγαγές με; πρὸς ποίαν στέγην;

ΧΟ. πρὸς τὴν Ἀτρειδῶν· εἰ σὺ μὴ τόδ' ἐννοεῖς,
ἐγὼ λέγω σοι· καὶ τὰδ' οὐκ ἐρεῖς ψύθῃ.

ΚΑ. μισόθεον μὲν οὔν, πολλὰ συνίστορα στρ. γ'.
αὐτόφωνα κακὰ καὶ ἀρτάνας,

Halters have seen, and streams of kindred gore;
A human shambles with blood-reeking floor.

Cho. Keen scented seems the stranger, like a
hound;
Ay, and the blood she's tracking will be
found.

Cass. Ah! Ah!
Lo! witnesses trust-worthy! Vouchers dire!
These babes, who weep their death-wound,
faith inspire,
Their roasted members eaten by their sire!

Cho. Thy fame oracular hath reached our ear;
But certes seek we now no prophet here.

Cass. Alas! ye gods!
What is she plotting? what new blow?
A mighty mischief plots she 'neath this roof;
An unimaginable cureless woe,
Unbearable to friends. Help stands aloof.

Cho. Dark are these oracles; the first I knew;
For, them the city voucheth wholly true.

Cass. Ah wretched one!
The deed wilt consummate? With guile
Wilt in the bath thy wedded consort cheer?
How speak the issue? Soon it will be here;—
Hand after hand is lifted. Woe the while!

Cho. I comprehend her not; this mystic lore,
These blear-eyed oracles perplex me sore.

Cass. Woe! woe! Look! look! What see I there?
Is it, ye gods, a net of hell?
The wife herself, joint-slayer, is the snare,

ἀνδρὸς σφαγεῖον καὶ πέδον ῥαντήριον.

Χο. ἔοικεν εὖρις ἢ ξένη κυνὸς δίκην
εἶναι, ματεύει δ' ὦν ἀνευρήσει φόνον.

ΚΑ. μαρτυρίοισι γὰρ τοῖσδ' ἐπιπείθομαι· ἀντ. γ'.
κλαιόμενα τάδε βρέφη σφαγὰς,
ὁπτάς τε σάρκας πρὸς πατρὸς βεβρωμένας.

Χο. ἤμεν κλέος σοῦ μαντικὸν πεπυσμένοι·
τούτων προφήτας δ' οὔτινας ματεύομεν.

ΚΑ. ἰὼ πόποι, τί ποτε μῆδεται; στρ. δ'.
τί τόδε νέον ἄχος μέγα
μέγ' ἐν δόμοισι τοῖσδε μῆδεται κακὸν
ἄφερτον φίλοισιν, δυσίατον; ἀλλὰ δ'
ἐκὰς ἀποστατεῖ.

Χο. τούτων αἰδρὶς εἰμι τῶν μαντευμάτων.
ἐκεῖνα δ' ἔγνω· πᾶσα γὰρ πόλις βοᾷ.

ΚΑ. ἰὼ τάλαινα, τόδε γὰρ τελεῖς, ἀντ. δ'.
τὸν ὁμοδέμνιον πόσιν
λουτροῖσι φαιδρύνασα—πῶς φράσω τέλος;
τάχος γὰρ τόδ' ἔσται· προτείνει δὲ χεῖρ ἐκ
χερὸς ὀρέγματα.

Χο. οὐπω ξυνῆκα· νῦν γὰρ ἐξ αἰνιγμάτων
ἐπαργέμοισι θεσφάτοις ἀμηχανῶ.

ΚΑ. ἐ ἔ, παπαῖ παπαῖ, τί τόδε φαίνεται; στρ. ε'.
ἦ δίκτυόν τι "Αιδου;
ἀλλ' ἄρκυς ἢ ξύνευνος, ἢ ξυναιτία

Now o'er the accursèd rite
Let the dread brood of Night,
Ungluttèd with the race, their chorus swell!

Cho. What Fury 'gainst this house doth summon?
What,
The shriek to raise? Such utt'rance cheers
me not.

Pallid through every vein
Blood to my heart doth run,
Which to the battle-slain
Quencheth life's sun;
But Atè comes amain.

Cass. Hold! hold! Woe! woe! The heifer there
Keep from the bull. In meshes fell
Of black-woofed garb entangled,—guileful
snare,—

Catching,—she smites him dead;—
Prone to his watery bed
He falls. The laver's guileful doom I tell.

Cho. I boast not to be skilled in auguries,
Yet mischief here I cannot but surmise,
Through spells, say, if ye know,
To mortals here below,
What grateful cheer is sent?
Their wordy arts from human woe
Breed dark presentiment.

Cass. Woe! woe! my wretched ill-starred lot!
Wailing another's fate mine own I mourn;
Why hast thou led me hither, all forlorn,
Unless with thee to perish? Wherefore not?

Cho. Thou'rt frenzied, by some god possést,

φόνου. στάσις δ' ἀκόρετος γένει
κατολολυξάτω θύματος λευσίμου.

ΧΟ. ποίαν Ἐρινὺν τήνδε δώμασιν κέλει
ἐπορθιάζειν; οὐ με φαιδρύνει λόγος.
ἐπὶ δὲ καρδίαν ἔδραμε κροκοβαφῆς
σταγών, ἅτε καιρία πτώσιμος
ξυνανύτει βίου δύντος αὐγαῖς.
ταχεῖα δ' ἅτα πέλει.

ΚΑ. ἂ ἄ, ἰδοὺ ἰδοῦ· ἄπεχε τῆς βοῶς ἀντ. ε'.
τὸν ταῦρον· ἐν πέπλοισι
μελαγκέρῳ λαβοῦσα μηχανήματι
τύπτει· πίτνει δ' ἐν ἐνύδρῳ τεύχει.
δολοφόνου λέβητος τύχαν σοι λέγω.

ΧΟ. οὐ κομπάσαιμ' ἂν θεσφάτων γνώμων ἄκρος
εἶναι, κακῷ δέ τῳ προσεικάζω τάδε.
ἀπὸ δὲ θεσφάτων τίς ἀγαθὰ φάτις
βροτοῖς στέλλεται; κακῶν γὰρ διαὶ
πολυεπεῖς τέχναι θεσπιωδὸν
φόβον φέρουσιν μαθεῖν.

ΚΑ. ἰὼ ἰὼ ταλαίνας κακόποτμοι τύχαι· στρ. 5'.
τὸ γὰρ ἐμὸν θροῷ πάθος ἐπεγχείαι.
ποῖ δὴ με δεῦρο τὴν τάλαιναν ἤγαγες;
οὐδέν ποτ' εἰ μὴ ξυνθανομένην. τί γάρ;

ΧΟ. φρενομανῆς τις εἰ θεοφόρητος, ἀμ-

And tuneless quirest forth thy doom,
Like nightingale, with dusky plume
Sateless of song. From heart opprest,
Ceaseless her Itys, Itys, flows,
Her life bewailing, rich alone in woes.

Cass. Woe! woe! Clear-voicèd bird, arrayed
In plumèd shape, by powers divine;
Sweet life, unmarred by tears, is thine:
But me awaits the double-edgèd blade.

Cho. Whence hast thou these prophetic throes,
Rushing athwart thy soul, in vain?
Why body forth in dismal strain,
Blent with shrill cries, these direful woes?
Whence cometh thus to vex thy soul
Of prophecy the dark, ill-omened goal?

Cass. Oh, nuptial rite, oh, nuptial rite,
Of Paris, fraught with doom!
Scamander! whence my fathers drank,
Nourished of yore upon thy bank,
I throve in youthful bloom.
Me now Cocytos and the streams of night
To augur on their dismal shores invite.

Cho. What thought hast uttered all too clear?
An infant might interpret here.
Smitten within am I with gory sting,
The while thy bird-like cry to hear
My heart doth wring.

Cass. Oh deadly coil, oh, deadly coil
Of Ilion, doomed to fall!
Alas, the flower-cropping kine
Slain by my father at the shrine

φὶ δ' αὐτὰς θροεῖς
νόμον ἄνομον, οἷά τις ξουθὰ
ἀκόρετος βοᾶς, φεῦ, ταλαίναῖς φρεσὶν
Ἰτυν Ἰτυν στένουσ' ἀμφιθαλῇ κακοῖς
ἀηδὼν βίον.

ΚΑ. ἰὼ ἰὼ λιγείας μόρον ἀηδόνας· ἀντ. 5'.

περίβαλον γάρ οἱ πτεροφόρον δέμας
θεοὶ γλυκύν τ' αἰῶνα κλαυμάτων ἄτερ·
ἐμοὶ δὲ μῖμνει σχισμὸς ἀμφήκει δορί.

ΧΟ. πόθεν ἐπισσύτους θεοφόρους τ' ἔχεις
ματαίους δῦας,
τὰ δ' ἐπίφοβα δυσφάτῳ κλαγγᾷ
μελοτυπεῖς ὁμῶν τ' ὀρθίοις ἐν νόμοις;
πόθεν ὄρους ἔχεις θεσπεσίας ὁδοῦ
κακορρήμονας;

ΚΑ. ἰὼ γάμοι γάμοι Πάριδος ὀλέθριοι φίλων. στρ. 3 .

ἰὼ Σκαμάνδρου πάτριον ποτόν.
τότε μὲν ἀμφὶ σὰς αἰῶνας τάλαιν'
ἡνυτόμαν τροφαῖς·
νῦν δ' ἀμφὶ Κωκύντον τε κἀχερουσίους
ὄχθας ἔοικα θεσπιωδήσειν τάχα.

ΧΟ. τί τόδε τορὸν ἄγαν ἔπος ἐφημίσω;
νεόγονος ἂν αἴων μάθοι.
πεπληγμαι δ' ὑπαὶ δάκει φοινίῳ
δυσαλγεῖ τύχα μινυρὰ θρεομένας,
θραύματ' ἐμοὶ κλύειν.

ΚΑ. ἰὼ πόνοι πόνοι πόλεος ὀλομένας τὸ πᾶν. ἀντ. 3'.

ἰὼ πρόπυργοι θυσῖαι πατρὸς
πολυκανεῖς βοτῶν ποιονόμων· ἄκος δ'

To save her sacred wall!

But cure was none: she perished; vain the toil!
I too, soul-kindled, soon shall press the soil.

Cho. This tallies with thy former strain;
Sure some ill demon smites thy brain,
And falling on thee moves thee thus to tell
In piteous chant thy doleful pain.
The end I cannot spell.

CASSANDRA'S prophecy begins.

Cass. In sooth the oracle no more shall peer
Forth from a veil, like newly wedded bride;
But flashing on the soul, like wind that blows
Sunward, it dasheth 'gainst the orient beams
A mighty surge that doth this grief o'ertop.
No more through dark enigmas will I teach!
And bear me witness, how in eager chase
The track I scent of crimes wrought long ago.
For from this roof departeth never more
A choir, concordant but unmusical,
To evil tuned. Ay, drunk with human blood,
And by the draught made bold, within these
halls

Abides a rout, not easy to eject,
Of sister Furies; lodged within these walls
They chant in chorus the primeval curse.
Hostile to him his brother's couch who trod,
In turn they tell their loathing. Have I missed,
Or, like true archer, have I hit the mark?
Or strolling cheat, or lying prophet am I?
Before I die, attest ye now on oath
That of these halls the hoary crimes I know.

οὐδὲν ἐπήρκεσαν

τὸ μὴ πόλιν μὲν ὥσπερ οὖν ἔχει παθεῖν.

ἐγὼ δὲ θερμὴν οὐ στάγ' ἐν πέδῳ βαλῶ ;

Χο. ἐπόμενα προτέροισι τάδ' ἐφημίσω.

καί τίς σε κακοφρονῶν τίθη-

σι δαίμων ὑπερβαρὴς ἐμπίτνων

μελίζειν πάθη γοερὰ θανατοφόρα.

τέρμα δ' ἀμηχανῶ.

CASSANDRA'S prophecy begins.

Κα. καὶ μὴν ὁ χρησμὸς οὐκέτ' ἐκ καλυμμάτων

ἔσται δεδορκῶς νεογάμου νύμφης δίκην·

λαμπρὸς δ' ἔοικεν ἡλίου πρὸς ἀντολὰς

πνέων ἐσάξειν, ὥστε κύματος δίκην

κλύζειν πρὸς αὐγὰς τοῦδε πήματος πολὺν

μεῖζον· φρενώσω δ' οὐκέτ' ἐξ αἰνιγμάτων.

καὶ μαρτυρεῖτε συνδρόμῳ ἵχνος κακῶν

ρίνηλατούσῃ τῶν πάλαι πεπραγμένων.

τὴν γὰρ στέγην τήνδ' οὐποτ' ἐκλείπει χορὸς

σύμφθογγος οὐκ εὐφωνος· οὐ γὰρ εὖ λέγει.

καὶ μὴν πεπωκῶς γ', ὥς θρασύνεσθαι πλέον,

βρότειον αἶμα κῶμος ἐν δόμοις μένει,

δύσπεμπτος ἔξω, συγγόνων Ἑρινύων.

ὑμνοῦσι δ' ὕμνον δώμασιν προσήμεναι

πρώταρχον ἄτην· ἐν μέρει δ' ἀπέπτυσαν

εὐνὰς ἀδελφοῦ τῷ πατοῦντι δυσμενεῖς.

ἡμαρτον, ἢ θηρῷ τι τοξότης τις ὥς ;

ἢ ψευδόμαντὶς εἰμι θυροκόπος φλέδων ;

ἐκμαρτύρησον προνύμφας τό μ' εἰδέναι

λόγῳ παλαιὰς τῶνδ' ἀμαρτίας δόμων.

Cho. And how can oath be healer of a woe
Inherent in the race? Yet marvel I
That, nurtured o'er the sea, thou know'st to
speak

Of foreign city as though native there.

Cass. Loxias, the seer, me with this grace endowed.

Cho. How! passion-smitten was he, though a god?

Cass. Till now it shamèd me to speak of this.

Cho. True; for who fareth well grows over-nice.

Cass. Love-wrestler was he, warm his favour breathed.

Cho. Came ye in course to rite conjugal?

Cass. Consent I gave, but cheated Loxias.

Cho. Mistress already of presaging art?

Cass. Ay, to the townsmen all their woes I spelled.

Cho. How then by wrath of Loxias unharmed?

Cass. No credence won I after this offence.

Cho. To us thy oracles seem too true.

Cass. Woe! woe! alas! alas! ye miseries!

Of faithful augury the direful toil

Racks me once more, with bodeful preludings

Vexing my soul.—Seated within these halls,

See, tender boys, like dreamy phantoms;

children,

As by their dear ones done to death, their
hands

Filled with their proper flesh, for nutriment;

Their hearts and vitals,—loathsome, piteous,
meal,—

Look, how they hold,—their sire has tasted,
look!

For these, I say, vengeance devising, waits

A dastard lion, wallowing in bed;

ΧΟ. καὶ πῶς ἂν ὄρκος, πῆγμα γενναίως παγέν,
 παιώνιος γένοιτο; θαυμάζω δέ σε
 πόντου πέραν τραφεῖσαν ἀλλόθρου πόλιν
 κυρεῖν λέγουσαν, ὥσπερ εἰ παρεστάτεις.

ΚΑ. μάντις μ' Ἀπόλλων τῷδ' ἐπέστησεν τέλει.

ΧΟ. μῶν καὶ θεός περ ἰμέρῳ πεπληγμένος;

ΚΑ. προτοῦ μὲν αἰδῶς ἦν ἐμοὶ λέγειν τάδε.

ΧΟ. ἀβρύνεται γὰρ πᾶς τις εὖ πρᾶσσων πλέον.

ΚΑ. ἀλλ' ἦν παλαιστῆς κάρτ' ἐμοὶ πνέων χάριν.

ΧΟ. ἦ καὶ τέκνων εἰς ἔργον ἡλθέτην νόμῳ;

ΚΑ. ξυναινέσασα Λοξίαν ἐψευσάμην.

ΧΟ. ἤδη τέχναισιν ἐνθέοις ἡρημένη;

ΚΑ. ἤδη πολίταις πάντ' ἐθέσπιζον πάθη.

ΧΟ. πῶς δῆτ' ἄνατος ἦσθα Λοξίου κότῳ;

ΚΑ. ἔπειθον οὐδέν' οὐδέν, ὥς τάδ' ἡμπλακον.

ΧΟ. ἡμῖν γε μὲν δὴ πιστὰ θεσπίζειν δοκεῖς.

ΚΑ. ἱὸν ἱού, ὦ ὦ κακά.

ὑπ' αὖ με δεινὸς ὀρθομαντείας πόνος
 στροβεῖ ταρίσσων φροιμίους δυσφροιμίους.
 ὀρᾶτε τούσδε τοὺς δόμοις ἐφημένους
 νέους, ὀνειρῶν προσφερεῖς μορφώμασι;
 παῖδες θανόντες ὥσπερ εἰ πρὸς τῶν φίλων,
 χεῖρας κρεῶν πλήθοντες οἰκείας βορᾶς,
 σὺν ἐντέροις τε σπλάγχν', ἐποίκτιστον γέμος,
 πρέπουσ' ἔχοντες, ὧν πατὴρ ἐγεύσατο.
 ἐκ τῶνδε ποινὰς φημι βουλεύειν τινὰ
 λέοντ' ἀναλκιν ἐν λέχει στρωφώμενον

House-warden, sooth, to him that's come, my
master,

For the slave's yoke, alas ! I needs must bear.

The naval leader, leveller of Troy,

He knows not that the fell she-dog, whose
tongue

Spoke words of guileful welcome, long drawn
out,

Like lurking Atè, will achieve his doom.

Such things she dares ; the female slays the
male !

Her,—what detested monster may I name

And hit the mark ?—Some basilisk, or Scylla

Housing in rocks, deadly to mariners,

Infuriate dam of Hades, breathing forth,

Against her dearest, curse implacable ?

What triumph-notes exultantly she raised,

All daring one, as in the turn of fight,

Feigning to gratulate his safe return !

What boots it whether I persuade or no ?

The doomed must come ; ere long to pity moved,

Me thou wilt own a prophet all too true.

Cho. Thyestes' banquet of his children's flesh

I knew and shudder at ; fear takes my soul,

Hearing the truth, no imaged counterfeit.

The rest I heard, but follow not the track.

Cass. On Agamemnon dead, I say, thou'lt look.

Cho. Lull, poor forlorn one, thy ill-omened tongue.

Cass. Yet o'er this speech no healing god presides.

Cho. If be it must ; but may it never be ;

Cass. The while thou prayest, theirs it is to slay.

Cho. What man deviseth this accursèd deed ?

οἰκουρόν, οἶμοι, τῷ μολόντι δεσπότη
 ἐμῷ· φέρειν γὰρ χρὴ τὸ δούλιον ζυγόν·
 νεῶν δ' ἔπαρχος Ἰλίου τ' ἀναστάτης
 οὐκ οἶδεν οἷα γλῶσσα μισητῆς κυνὸς
 λείξασα κἀκτείναςα φαιδρὸν οὖς, δίκην
 ἄτης λαθραίου, τεύξεται κακῇ τύχῃ.
 τοιαῦδε τόλμη θῆλυς ἄρσενος φονεὺς
 ἔστιν. τί νιν καλοῦσα δυσφιλὲς δάκος
 τύχοιμ' ἄν; ἀμφίσβαιναν, ἢ Σκύλλαν τινὰ
 οἰκοῦσαν ἐν πέτραισι, ναυτίλων βλάβην,
 θύουσαν Ἄιδου μητέρ' ἄσποιδόν τ' Ἄρη
 φίλοις πνέουσαν; ὥς δ' ἐπωλολύξατο
 ἡ παντότολμος, ὥσπερ ἐν μάχης τροπῇ.
 δοκεῖ δὲ χαίρειν νοστίμῳ σωτηρίᾳ.
 καὶ τῶνδ' ὅμοιον εἴ τι μὴ πείθω· τί γάρ;
 τὸ μέλλον ἥξει. καὶ σύ μ' ἐν τάχει παρῶν
 ἄγαν γ' ἀληθόμαντιν οἰκτείρας ἐρεῖς.

ΧΟ. τὴν μὲν Θυέστου δαῖτα παιδείων κρεῶν
 ξυνῆκα καὶ πέφρικα, καὶ φόβος μ' ἔχει
 κλύοντ' ἀληθῶς οὐδὲν ἐξηκασμένα.
 τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ἀκούσας ἐκ δρόμου πεσὼν τρέχω.

ΚΑ. Ἀγαμέμνονός σέ φημ' ἐπόψεσθαι μόρον.

ΧΟ. εὐφημον, ὦ τάλαινα, κοίμησον στόμα.

ΚΑ. ἀλλ' οὔτι παιῶν τῷδ' ἐπιστατεῖ λόγῳ.

ΧΟ. οὐκ, εἴπερ ἔσται γ'. ἀλλὰ μὴ γένοιτό πως.

ΚΑ. σὺ μὲν κατεύχει, τοῖς δ' ἀποκτείνειν μέλει.

ΧΟ. τίνας πρὸς ἀνδρὸς τοῦτ' ἄχος πορσύνεται;

Cass. Widely thy glance hath missed mine oracles.

Cho. Ay, for the plotter's scheme to me is dark.

Cass. Yet in Hellenic speech my words are couched.

Cho. So too are Pythian chants, yet hard to spell.

Cass. Alas! what fire is this! It seizes me.

Woe! woe! Lykeian god! Apollo! Woe!

The biped lioness, that with the wolf

In absence of the noble lion couched,

Will me, her victim, slaughter, and as one

Poison who mixeth, she my doom will add

To crown her vengeance; whetting 'gainst her
lord

The murderous knife, she boasteth to exact

His death, as payment for escorting me.

Why longer wear this scorn-provoking gear,

This wand, these wreaths prophetic round my
neck?

Thence I will shatter ere myself am doomed.

Hence to destruction: I will follow soon;

Another, in my place, enrich with woes.

Behold, Apollo's self doth strip me bare

Of the prophetic robe; coldly he gazed,

What time, in these adornments vainly tricked,

To friends and enemies, with one consent,

All undeserved, a laughter I became:

Vagrant yclept, poor hunger-stricken wretch,

A strolling mountebank, I bare it all;

And now the seer (his vengeance wreaked on me

The seeress) calls me to this deadly fate.

My father at the altar fell, but me

The slaughter-block awaiteth, smitten down

By stroke relentless, reeking with hot gore.

ΚΑ. ἡ κάρτα τᾶρ' ἂν παρεκόπης χρησμών ἐμῶν.

ΧΟ. τοὺς γὰρ τελοῦντας οὐ ξυνῆκα μηχανήν.

ΚΑ. καὶ μὴν ἄγαν γ' "Ελλην' ἐπίσταμαι φάτιν.

ΧΟ. καὶ γὰρ τὰ πυθόκραντα· δυσμαθῇ δ' ὅμως.

ΚΑ. παπαῖ, οἷον τὸ πῦρ· ἐπέρχεται δέ μοι.

ὅτοτοῖ, Λύκει' "Απολλων, οὐ ἐγὼ ἐγώ.

αὕτη δίπους λέαινα συγκοιμωμένη

λύκῳ, λέοντος εὐγενοῦς ἀπουσία,

κτενεῖ με τὴν τάλαιναν· ὥς δὲ φάρμακον

τεύχουσα κάμου μισθὸν ἐνθήσειν κότῳ

ἐπεύχεται θήγουσα φωτὶ φάσγανον

ἐμῆς ἀγωγῆς ἀντιτίσασθαι φόνον.

τί δῆτ' ἐμαυτῆς καταγέλωτ' ἔχω τάδε,

καὶ σκῆπτρα καὶ μαντεῖα περὶ δέρη στέφη;

σὲ μὲν πρὸ μοίρας τῆς ἐμῆς διαφθερῶ.

ἴτ' ἐς φθόρον· πεσόντα θ' ὧδ' ἀμείψομαι.

ἄλλην τιν' ἄτης ἀντ' ἐμοῦ πλουτίζετε.

ἰδού δ' "Απόλλων αὐτὸς ἐκδύων ἐμέ

χρηστηρίαν ἐσθῆτ', ἐποπτεύσας δέ με

καὶν τοῖσδε κόσμοις καταγελωμένην μέγα

φίλων ὑπ' ἐχθρῶν οὐ διχορρόπως, μάτην—

καλουμένη δὲ φοιτὰς ὡς ἀγύρτρια

πτωχὸς τάλαινα λιμοθνῆς ἡνεσχόμην—

καὶ νῦν ὁ μάντις μάντιν ἐκπράξας ἐμέ

ἀπήγαγ' ἐς τοιάσδε θανασίμους τύχας.

βωμοῦ πατρώου δ' ἀντ' ἐπίξηνον μένει,

θερμῷ κοπείσης φοινίῳ προσφάγματι.

Yet not unhonoured of the gods we fall;
For other champion of our cause shall come,
Seed matricidal, venger of his sire.

An exiled wanderer, from this land estranged,
Returns, this vengeance for his friends to crown.
For, lo, the gods a mighty oath have sworn,
His father's prostrate form shall lead him home.

But why, an alien here, pour I my wail?

When that I first have seen my Ilion fare
As fared it hath, and they who won the town
In sorry plight, through judgment of the gods.
I'll do! I'll suffer! I will dare to die.

These gates, as gates of Hades, I adjure,
One prayer I offer, "mortal be the stroke;"
Free from convulsive throes, in easy death,
While ebbs my life-blood, may I close mine
eyes.

Cho. Oh woman, thou most wretched and most wise;
Lengthy thy speech hath been; but if thou
knowest

Truly thine own sad doom, how walkest thou
Like heaven-led victim, boldly to the altar?

Cass. There's no escape: brief respite, nothing more.

Cho. Yet to be last is gain at least of time.

Cass. The day is come, small were my gain by flight.

Cho. Enduring art thou, and of dauntless mind.

Cass. Such words none heareth from the fortunate.

Cho. Yet dear to mortals is a glorious death.

Cass. Alas, my sire, for thee and thy brave sons!

Cho. What may this mean? What terror drives
thee back?

Cass. Alas! alas!

οὐ μὲν ἄτιμοί γ' ἐκ θεῶν τεθνήξομεν.
 ἤξει γὰρ ἡμῶν ἄλλος αὖ τιμάορος,
 μητροκτόνον φίτυμα, ποινάτωρ πατρός·
 φυγὰς δ' ἀλήτης τῆσδε γῆς ἀπόξενος
 κάτεισιν, ἄτας τάσδε θριγκώσων φίλοις·
 ὁμώμοται γὰρ ὄρκος ἐκ θεῶν μέγας,
 πράξειν νιν ὑπτίασμα κειμένου πατρός.
 τί δῆτ' ἐγὼ κάτοικτος ὧδ' ἀναστένω;
 ἐπεὶ τὸ πρῶτον εἶδον Ἰλίου πόλιν
 πράξασαν ὡς ἔπραξεν, οἱ δ' εἶλον πόλιν
 οὕτως ἀπαλλάσσουσιν ἐν θεῶν κρίσει,
 ἰοῦσα πράξω· τλήσομαι τὸ κατθανεῖν.
 Ἄιδου πύλας δὲ τάσδ' ἐγὼ προσεννέπω·
 ἐπεύχομαι δὲ καιρίας πληγῆς τυχεῖν,
 ὡς ἀσφάδαστος, αἰμάτων εὐθνησίμων
 ἀπορρυνέντων, ὄμμα συμβάλω τόδε.

ΧΟ. ὦ πολλὰ μὲν τάλαινα, πολλὰ δ' αὖ σοφὴ
 γύναι, μακρὰν ἔτεινας. εἰ δ' ἐτητύμως
 μόρον τὸν αὐτῆς οἶσθα, πῶς θεηλάτου
 βοὸς δίκην πρὸς βωμὸν εὐτόλμως πατεῖς;

ΚΑ. οὐκ ἔστ' ἄλυσις, οὔ, ξένοι, χρόνοι πλέω.

ΧΟ. ὁ δ' ὕστατός γε τοῦ χρόνου πρεσβεῖται.

ΚΑ. ἦκει τόδ' ἡμαρ· σμικρὰ κερδανῶ φυγῇ.

ΧΟ. ἀλλ' ἴσθι τλήμων οὐς' ἀπ' εὐτόλμου φρενός.

ΚΑ. οὐδεὶς ἀκούει ταῦτα τῶν εὐδαιμόνων.

ΧΟ. ἀλλ' εὐκλεῶς τοι κατθανεῖν χάρις βροτῶ.

ΚΑ. ἰὼ πάτερ σοῦ τῶν τε γενναίων τέκνων.

ΧΟ. τί δ' ἐστὶ χρήμα; τίς σ' ἀποστρέφει φόβος;

ΚΑ. φεῦ φεῦ.

Cho. Why this alas, unless some horror scare thee?

Cass. Blood-reeking murder breatheth from these
halls.

Cho. 'Tis but the scent of victims at the hearth.

Cass. Nay, but such breath as issues from a tomb.

Cho. No Syrian odour tell'st thou for the house.

Cass. Well! I will go, within these palace halls
To wail mine own and Agamemnon's doom.
Enough of life! Strangers! Alas! Alas!
Yet quail I not, as birdé at the brake,
Idly: in death my vouchers be in this,
When, in my place, woman for woman dies,
And when for man ill-wedded, man shall fall.
Dying, this hospitable grace I crave.

Cho. Poor wretch; Thy fateful doom my pity moves.

Cass. Once more I fain would speak, but not to pour
Mine own funereal wail; but to the Sun,
Looking my last upon his beams, I pray
That my avengers pay my murderers back,
Requiting me, poor slave, their easy prey.
Alas, for man's estate! If Fortune smile,
A shadow may o'erturn it: should she frown,
A moistened sponge the picture doth destroy.
More than the first this doom my pity moves.

CASSANDRA goes up the steps of the palace, and enters.

End of ACT II.

Χο. τί τοῦτ' ἔφευξας; εἴ τι μὴ φρενῶν στύγος.

Κα. φόνον δόμοι πνέουσιν αἵματοσταγῇ.

Χο. καὶ πῶς; τόδ' ὄζει θυμάτων ἐφεστίων.

Κα. ὅμοιος ἀτμός ὥσπερ ἐκ τάφου πρέπει.

Χο. οὐ Σύριον ἀγλαῖσμα δώμασιν λέγεις.

Κα. ἀλλ' εἴμι καὶ δόμοισι κωκύσους' ἐμὴν
'Αγαμέμνονός τε μοῖραν. ἀρκείτω βίος.
ἰὼ ξένοι.

οὔτοι δυσοίζω θάμνον ὥς ὄρνις φόβω
ἄλλως· θανούσῃ μαρτυρεῖτέ μοι τόδε,
ὅταν γυνὴ γυναικὸς ἀντ' ἐμοῦ θάνῃ,
ἀνὴρ τε δυσδάμαρτος ἀντ' ἀνδρὸς πέσῃ.
ἐπιξενοῦμαι ταῦτα δ' ὥς θανουμένη.

Χο. ὦ τλῆμον, οἰκτείρω σε θεσφάτου μόρου.

Κα. ἅπαξ ἔτ' εἰπεῖν ῥῆσιν οὐ θρήνον θέλω
ἐμὸν τὸν αὐτῆς. ἡλίου δ' ἐπεύχομαι
πρὸς ὕστατον φῶς τοὺς ἐμοὺς τιμαόρους
δίκην φονεῦσι τοῖς ἐμοῖς τίνειν ὁμοῦ,
δούλης θανούσης, εὐμαροῦς χειρώματος.
ἰὼ βρότεια πράγματ'· εὐτυχοῦντα μὲν
σκιαῖ τις ἂν πρέψειεν· εἰ δὲ δυστυχῇ,
βολαῖς ὑγρώσσω σπόγγος ὥλεσεν γραφήν.
καὶ ταῦτ' ἐκείνων μᾶλλον οἰκτείρω πολὺ.

CASSANDRA goes up the steps of the palace, and enters.

End of Act II.



ACT III.

The CHORUS express in song their doubts for the future.

Cho. All are of boundless weal insatiate;—
None warneth from his halls
Him at whom Envy points, as rich or great,
Saying, "Come here no more."—
So to this man the Blessed Ones have given
To capture Priam's walls;—
Home he returns, beloved of Heaven;—
But must he now the blood repay
Of ancient murder; must he die,
And dying expiate,
With his own death, their deaths who died
of yore;
Who, being mortal, this can hear, nor pray,
That he were born to scathless destiny?

A groan is heard from the interior of the palace.

Ag. (from within). Woe's me! I'm smitten with a
deadly blow!

Cho. Hush! Wounded unto death who lifts this cry?

Ag. Woe's me! Again! a second time I'm struck.



ACT III.

The CHORUS express in song their doubts for the future.

Χο. τὸ μὲν εὖ πράσσειν ἀκόρεστον ἔφυ
πᾶσι βροτοῖσιν· δακτυλοδείκτων δ'
οὔτις ἀπειπὼν εἵργει μελάθρων,
μηκέτ' ἐσέλθης, τάδε φωνῶν.
καὶ τῷδε πόλιν μὲν ἐλεῖν ἔδοσαν
μάκαρες Πριάμου·
θεοτίμητος δ' οἴκαδ' ἰκάνει.
νῦν δ' εἰ προτέρων αἰμ' ἀποτίσῃ
καὶ τοῖσι θανούσι θανὼν ἄλλων
ποινὰς θανάτων ἐπικράνῃ,
τίς ἂν εὖξαιτο βροτὸς ὦν ἀσινεῖ
δαίμονι φῦναι τὰδ' ἀκούων;

A groan is heard from the interior of the palace.

ΑΓ. ὦμοι, πέπληγμαι καιρίαν πληγὴν ἔσω.
Χο. σίγα· τίς πληγὴν αὐτεῖ καιρίως οὐτασμένος;
ΑΓ. ὦμοι μάλ' αὖθις, δευτέραν πεπληγμένος.

The CHORUS advise one another confusedly.

Cho. By the groaning of the monarch, wrought
methinks is now the deed;

But together taking counsel, weave we now
some prudent scheme.

I. To you my counsel is to raise the cry,
And to the palace call the citizens.

II. To me seems best, at quickest, breaking in,
To prove the deed by newly-dripping blade.

III. I, this opinion sharing, give my vote
For action;—not to dally is the point.

IV. 'Tis manifest; for they, thus preluding,
Give to the city the signs of tyranny.

V. Ay, we delay;—they, treading under foot
All thoughts of dalliance, sleep not with the
hand.

VI. No plan I know to fashion or propose;
Against the guilty doer we must plot.

VII. That view I share, for no device I know,
By words, the dead man to restore to life.

VIII. What! dragging on our lives, shall we obey
These home-polluters? Them our leaders
make?

IX. That were past hearing, better far to die;
For milder doom were death than tyranny.

X. How! may we not on evidence of groans
Augur full surely that the man is dead?

The CHORUS advise one another confusedly.

Χο. τοῦργον εἰργάσθαι δοκεῖ μοι βασιλέως οἰμώγ-
ματι.

ἀλλὰ κοινωσώμεθ' ἥν πως ἀσφαλῆ βουλευ-
ματ' ἦ.—

1. ἐγὼ μὲν ὑμῖν τὴν ἐμὴν γνώμην λέγω,
πρὸς δῶμα δεῦρ' ἀστοῖσι κηρύσσειν βοήν.—
2. ἐμοὶ δ' ὅπως τάχιστα γ' ἐμπεσεῖν δοκεῖ
καὶ πρᾶγμ' ἐλέγχειν σὺν νεορρύτῳ ξίφει.—
3. καὶ γὰρ τοιούτου γνώματος κοινωνὸς ὢν
ψηφίζομαί τι δρᾶν· τὸ μὴ μέλλειν δ' ἀκμή.—
4. ὁρᾶν πάρεστι· φροιμιάζονται γὰρ ὡς
τυραννίδος σημεῖα πράσσοντες πόλει.—
5. χρονίζομεν γάρ· οἱ δὲ τῆς μελλοῦς κλέος
πέδοι πατοῦντες οὐ καθεύδουσιν χερσί.—
6. οὐκ οἶδα βουλῆς ἥστινος τυχὼν λέγω.
τοῦ δρῶντός ἐστι καὶ τὸ βουλευσαί πέρι.—
7. καὶ γὰρ τοιοῦτός εἰμ', ἐπεὶ δυσμηχανῶ
λόγοισι τὸν θανόντ' ἀνιστάναι πάλιν.—
8. ἦ καὶ βίον τείνοντες ὧδ' ὑπείξομεν
δόμων κατασχυντήρσι τοῖσδ' ἡγουμένοις;—
9. ἀλλ' οὐκ ἀνεκτόν, ἀλλὰ κατθανεῖν κρατεῖ·
πεπαιτέρα γὰρ μοῖρα τῆς τυραννίδος.—
10. ἦ γὰρ τεκμηρίοισιν ἐξ οἰμωγμάτων
μαντευσόμεσθα τάνδρὸς ὡς ὀλωλότος;—

XI. Ere we can argue, we must know the facts ;
Assurance differs widely from surmise.

This I commend, taking the general vote,
Plainly to know how fareth Atreus' son.

*The doors of the palace are suddenly opened, and
CLYTAEMNESTRA is seen standing beside the bodies
of AGAMEMNON and CASSANDRA.*

She comes slowly forward.

Cly. Though much to suit the times before was said,
It shames me not the opposite to speak :
For, plotting against foes, — our seeming
friends,—

How else contrive with Ruin's wily snare,
Too high to overleap, to fence them round ?
To me, not mindless of an ancient feud,
Hath come at last this contest ;—late indeed.
The deed achieved, here stand I, where I slew.
So was it wrought (and this I'll not deny),
That he could neither 'scape, nor ward his doom ;
Around him, like a fish-encircling net,
This garment's deadly splendour did I cast ;—
Him twice I smote, and he, with twofold groan,
His limbs relaxed :—then, prostrate where
he lay,

Him with third blow I dowered, votive gift
To nether Hades, saviour of the dead.

Thus as he fell he chafed his soul away ;
And gurgling forth the swift death-tide of blood,
He smites me with black drops of gory dew,

11. σάφ' εἰδότας χρὴ τῶνδε θυμοῦσθαι πέρι·
 τὸ γὰρ τοπάζειν τοῦ σάφ' εἰδέναι δίχα.
 ταύτην ἐπαινεῖν πάντοθεν πληθύνομαι,
 τρανᾶς Ἀτρεΐδην εἰδέναι κυροῦνθ' ὅπως.

*The doors of the palace are suddenly opened, and
 CLYTAEMNESTRA is seen standing beside the bodies
 of AGAMEMNON and CASSANDRA.*

She comes slowly forward.

ΚΛ. πολλῶν πάροιθεν καιρίως εἰρημένων
 τάναντί' εἰπεῖν οὐκ ἐπαισχυνθήσομαι.
 πῶς γάρ τις ἐχθροῖς ἐχθρὰ πορσύνων, φίλοις
 δοκοῦσιν εἶναι, πημονῆς ἀρκύστατ' ἂν
 φράξειεν, ὕψος κρεῖσσον ἐκπηδήματος;
 ἐμοὶ δ' ἀγὼν ὅδ' οὐκ ἀφρόντιστος πάλαι
 νείκης παλαιᾶς ἦλθε, σὺν χρόνῳ γε μὴν·
 ἔστηκα δ' ἔνθ' ἔπαισ' ἐπ' ἐξειργασμένοις.
 οὔτῳ δ' ἔπραξα, καὶ τάδ' οὐκ ἀρνήσομαι·
 ὥς μήτε φεύγειν μήτ' ἀμύνεσθαι μόρον,
 ἄπειρον ἀμφίβληστρον, ὥσπερ ἰχθύων,
 περιστιχίζω, πλοῦτον εἵματος κακόν.
 παίω δέ νιν δῖς· κὰν δυοῖν οἰμωγμάτοιν
 μεθῆκεν αὐτοῦ κῶλα· καὶ πεπτωκότι
 τρίτην ἐπενδίδωμι, τοῦ κατὰ χθονὸς
 Ἰλίδου νεκρῶν σωτῆρος εὐκταίαν χάριν.
 οὔτῳ τὸν αὐτοῦ θυμὸν ὀρμαίνει πεσών·
 κὰκφυσιῶν ὀξεῖαν αἵματος σφαγὴν
 βάλλει μ' ἐρεμνῇ ψακάδι φοινίας δρόσου,

Not less exultant than, with heaven-sent joy
The corn-sown land, in birth-hour of the ear.
For this great issue, Argive Senators,
Joy ye, if joy ye can, but I exult.
Nay, o'er the slain were off'rings meet,—with
right

Here were they poured,—with emphasis of right.
Such goblet having filled with cursed ills
At home,—himself on his return drains off.

Cho. We marvel at thy tongue, how bold thy speech,
Who o'er thy husband makest so thy vaunt.

Cly. As witless woman are ye proving me;
But I with stedfast heart, to you who know,
Proclaim,—and whether ye will praise or blame,
It recks me not,—this man is Agamemnon,—
My husband, dead, the work of this right hand,
Doer of righteous deed;—so stands the case.

Cho. O woman, what earth-nurtured lane,
What potion, upsent from the wind-ruffled sea,
Hast tasted, that on thine own head dost heap
Curses, for incense, folk-mutter'd and deep!

Hast cast off, hast slain;—

Outcast, uncited, thyself shalt be,
Huge hate of the townsmen blasting thee.

Cly. Me thou dost doom to exile,—to endure
The people's hate, their curse deep-muttered,—
thou,

Who 'gainst this man of yore hadst naught
to urge.

He, all unmoved, as though brute life he
quenched,

χαίρουσαν οὐδὲν ἦσσαν ἢ διοςδότῳ
 γάνει σπορητὸς κάλυκος ἐν λοχεύμασιν.
 ὥς ὦδ' ἐχόντων, πρέσβος Ἀργείων τόδε,
 χαίροιτ' ἄν, εἰ χαίροιτ', ἐγὼ δ' ἐπεύχομαι.
 εἰ δ' ἦν πρεπόντων ὥστ' ἐπισπένδειν νεκρῷ,
 τῷδ' ἂν δικαίως ἦν, ὑπερδίκως μὲν οὖν.
 τοσόνδε κρατῆρ' ἐν δόμοις κακῶν ὅδε
 πλήσας ἀραίῳν αὐτὸς ἐκπίνει μολών.

ΧΟ. θαυμάζομέν σου γλῶσσαν, ὥς θρασύστομος,
 ἥτις τοιόνδ' ἐπ' ἀνδρὶ κομπάζεις λόγον.

ΚΛ. πειρᾶσθέ μου γυναικὸς ὡς ἀφράσμονος·
 ἐγὼ δ' ἀτρέστῳ καρδίᾳ πρὸς εἰδότας
 λέγω· σὺ δ' αἰνεῖν εἴτε με ψέγειν θέλεις
 ὅμοιον. οὗτός ἐστιν Ἀγαμέμνων, ἐμὸς
 πόσις, νεκρὸς δέ, τῇσδε δεξιᾷς χερὸς
 ἔργον, δικαίας τέκτονος. τὰδ' ὦδ' ἔχει.

ΧΟ. τί κακόν, ὦ γύναι, χθονοτρεφὲς ἐδανὸν
 ἢ ποτὸν πασαμένα ῥυτᾶς ἐξ ἁλὸς ὄρμενον
 τόδ' ἐπέθου θύος, δημοθρόους τ' ἀράς;
 ἀπέδικες ἀπέταμές τ'· ἀπόπολις δ' ἔσει
 μῖσος ὄβριμον ἀστοῖς.

ΚΛ. νῦν μὲν δικάζεις ἐκ πόλεως φυγὴν ἐμοὶ
 καὶ μῖσος ἀστῶν δημόθρους τ' ἔχειν ἀράς,
 οὐδὲν τότ' ἀνδρὶ τῷδ' ἐναντίον φέρων·
 ὃς οὐ προτιμῶν, ὥσπερ εἰ βοτοῦ μόρον,

The while his fleecy pastures teem'd with flocks,
His own child slaughtered,—of my travail
throes

To me the dearest,—charm for Thracian blasts.
Him shouldst thou not have chased from land
and home

Just guerdon for foul deed? Stern judge
thou art

When me thou dost arraign;—but, mark my
words,

(Nerved as I am to threat on equal terms,)
If with strong hand ye conquer me, then rule;—
But should the god decree the opposite,
Though late, to sober sense shalt thou be
schooled.

Cho. O haughty of counsel art thou;—
And haughtily-minded thou vauntest amain,
As raveth thy mind 'neath blood-reeking fate.
Calling for vengeance, glares forth on thy brow
Of blood the foul stain;—
Forsaken of friends, the common hate,
Death-blow with death-blow shalt expiate.

Cly. This solemn sanction of mine oaths thou
hearest;
By the accomplished vengeance of my child,
By Até, by Erinyes, unto whom
I slew this man,—Expectancy for me
Treads not the halls of Fear, while on my hearth,
Ægisthos, kind as heretofore, burns fire;
For he of boldness is no puny shield.
There prostrate lies this woman's outrager,

μήλων φλεόντων εὐπόκοις νομεύμασιν,
 ἔθυσεν αὐτοῦ παῖδα, φιλτάτην ἐμοὶ
 ὠδῖν', ἐπωδὸν Θρηκίων ἀημάτων.
 οὐ τοῦτον ἐκ γῆς τῆσδε χρῆν σ' ἀνδρηλατεῖν,
 μiasμάτων ἄποιν'; ἐπήκοος δ' ἐμῶν
 ἔργων δικαστὴς τραχὺς εἶ. λέγω δέ σοι
 τοιαῦτ' ἀπειλεῖν, ὥς παρεσκευασμένης
 ἐκ τῶν ὁμοίων χειρὶ νικήσαντ' ἐμοῦ
 ἄρχειν· ἐὰν δὲ τοῦμπαλιν κραίνῃ θεός,
 γνώσει διδασχθεὶς ὁψὲ γοῦν τὸ σωφρονεῖν.

ΧΟ. μεγαλόμητις εἶ, περίφρονα δ' ἔλακες·
 ὥσπερ οὖν φονολιβεῖ τύχα φρὴν ἐπιμαίνεται·
 λίβος ἐπ' ὁμμάτων αἵματος ἐμπρέπει·
 ἀτίετον ἔτι σὲ χρὴ στερομένην φίλων
 τύμμα τύμματι τίσαι.

ΚΛ. καὶ τήνδ' ἀκούεις ὀρκίων ἐμῶν θέμιν·
 μὰ τὴν τέλειον τῆς ἐμῆς παιδὸς Δίκην,
 Ἄτην Ἐρινύν θ', αἷσι τόνδ' ἔσφαξ' ἐγώ,
 οὐ μοι φόβου μέλαθρον ἐλπίς ἐμπατεῖ,
 ἕως ἂν αἴθῃ πῦρ ἐφ' ἐστίας ἐμῆς
 Αἴγισθος, ὥς τὸ πρόσθεν εὖ φρονῶν ἐμοί.
 οὗτος γὰρ ἡμῖν ἀσπίς οὐ σμικρὰ θράισους.
 κείται γυναικὸς τῆσδε λυμαντήριος,

Minion to each Chryseis under Troy.
There too, this captive slave, this auguress,
And this man's concubine,—this prophetess,
His faithful bedfellow, who shared with him
The sailor's bench. Not unrequited wrought
they;
For he lies—thus. While she, in swan-like
fashion,
Having breathed forth her last, her dying wail,
Lies here, to him a paramour, and so
Adds keener relish to my sweet revenge.

*The Lament of the CHORUS, broken by the retorts
of CLYTAEMNESTRA.*

Cho. Oh might some sudden Fate
Not tethered to a weight
Of couch-enchaining anguish, hither waft
The boon of endless sleep!
For our most gracious guardian slain we weep,
In woman's cause of yore
Full many a pang who bore,
And now lies smitten by a woman's craft.
Woe! frenzied Helen, woe!
Through thee alone, through one,
How many souls, how many, were undone;
Whathavoc dire 'neath Troia thou hast wrought.
And now the cureless woe,
Heirloom of blood, shed long ago,
Through thee hath blossomed, causing
strife
Unquenchable, with husband-murder rife.

Χρυσηῖδων μείλιγμα τῶν ὑπ' Ἰλίῳ·
 ἢ τ' αἰχμάλωτος ἦδε καὶ τερασκόπος
 καὶ κοινόλεκτρος τοῦδε, θεσφατηλόγος
 πιστὴ ξύνευνος, ναυτίλων δὲ σελμάτων
 ἰσοτριβής. ἄτιμα δ' οὐκ ἐπραξάτην.
 ὁ μὲν γὰρ οὕτως, ἡ δέ τοι κύκνου δίκην
 τὸν ὕστατον μέλψασα θανάσιμον γόον
 κείται φιλήτωρ τῷδ', ἐμοὶ δ' ἐπήγαγεν
 εὐνῆς παροψώνημα τῆς ἐμῆς χλιδῆς.

*The Lament of the CHORUS, broken by the retorts
 of CLYTAEMNESTRA.*

ΧΟ. φεῦ, τίς ἂν ἐν τάχει, μὴ περιώδυνος, στρ. α'.
 μηδὲ δεμνιοτήρης,
 μόλοι τὸν ἀεὶ φέρουσ' ἐν ἡμῖν
 Μοῖρ' ἀτέλευτον ὕπνον, δαμέντος
 φύλακος εὐμενεστάτου
 πολέα τλάντος γυναικὸς διαί;
 πρὸς γυναικὸς δ' ἀπέφθισεν βίον.

ἰὼ ἰὼ παράνουσ' Ἑλένα ἐφνυν. α'. (στρ. β'.)
 μία τὰς πολλὰς, τὰς πάνυ πολλὰς
 ψυχὰς ὀλέσας' ὑπὸ Τροίᾳ.
 νῦν δὲ τελείαν . .
 πολύμναστον ἐπηνθίσω δι' αἶμ' ἄνιπτον,
 ἥτις ἦν τότε' ἐν δόμοις
 ἕρις ἐρίδματος ἀνδρὸς οἰζύς.

Cly. Bowed beneath sorrow's weight,
Invoke not deadly Fate,
Nor in thine anger Helen thus arraign,
As though through her, through one,
Fell many a Danaan son;—
She-man-destroyer, working cureless bane!

Cho. Demon, who now dost fall
Ruthless on Atreus' hall
Making the twin Tantalidae thy prey,
Through women's haughty reign,
Gnawing my heart, thou dost confirm thy sway.
Like bodeful raven hoarse,
She standeth o'er the corse,
And chants exulting her discordant strain.

Cly. Ay now thy speech in sooth
Runs even with the truth,
Calling the thrice-dread demon of this race;
For in their veins is nursed,
By him, the quenchless thirst
For blood; ere pales the trace
Of ancient pang, new ichor flows apace.

Cho. Mighty the demon, dire his hate,
Whom here thou boasteth to preside;
Woe! woe! ill-omened praise of Fate,
Baneful and still unsatisfied!
Alas! 'Tis Zeus, in will, in deed,
Sole cause, sole fashioner; for say
What comes to mortals undecreed
By Zeus, what here, that owneth not his sway?

Woe! woe!

King! King! how thee shall I bewail?

- ΚΛ. μηδὲν θανάτου μοῖραν ἐπεύχου
 τοῖσδε βαρυνθείς·
 μηδ' εἰς Ἑλένην κότον ἐκτρέψῃς,
 ὥς ἀνδρολέτειρ', ὥς μία πολλῶν
 ἀνδρῶν ψυχὰς Δαναῶν ὀλέσας'
 ἀξύστατον ἄλγος ἔπραξε.
- ΧΟ. δαῖμον, ὃς ἐμπίτνεις δώμασι καὶ
 διφυίοισι Τανταλίδαισιν,
 κράτος τ' ἰσόψυχον ἐκ γυναικῶν
 καρδιόδηκτον ἐμοὶ κρατύνεις.
 ἐπὶ δὲ σώματος δίκαν μοι
 κόρακος ἐχθροῦ σταθεῖς' ἐκνόμως
 ὕμνον ὕμνεῖν ἐπεύχεται [δόμοις].
- ΚΛ. νῦν δ' ὄρθωσας στόματος γνώμην,
 τὸν τριπάχυντον
 δαίμονα γέννης τῇσδε κικλήσκων.
 ἐκ τοῦ γὰρ ἔρωσ αἵματολοιχὸς
 νεῖρη τρέφεται, πρὶν καταλῆξαι
 τὸ παλαιὸν ἄχος, νέος ἰχώρ.
- ΧΟ. ἦ μέγαν οἰκονόμον
 δαίμονα καὶ βαρύμηνιν αἰνεῖς,
 φεῦ φεῦ, κακὸν αἶνον ἀτη-
 ρᾶς τύχας ἀκορέστου·
 ἰὴ ἰὴ διαὶ Διὸς
 παναιτίου πανεργέτα·
 τί γὰρ βροτοῖς ἄνευ Διὸς τελεῖται;
 τί τῶνδ' οὐ θεόκραντόν ἐστιν;
- ἰὼ ἰὼ βασιλεῦ βασιλεῦ,
 πῶς σε δακρύσω;

στρ. γ'.

ἀντ. α'.

ἀντ. γ'.

στρ. δ'.

ἐφυμν. β'.

How voice my heartfelt grief? Thou liest there
Entangled in the spider's guileful snare;
In impious death thy life thou dost exhale.

Ah me! ah me! to death betrayed,
Sped by the two-edged blade,
On servile couch now ignominious laid.

Cly. Dost boast as mine this deed?
Then wrongly thou dost read,
To count me Agamemnon's wife;—not so;
Appearing in the mien
Of this dead monarch's queen,
The ancient fiend of Atreus dealt the blow;—
Requiting his grim feast,
For the slain babes, as priest,
The full-grown victim now he layeth low.

Cho. That thou art guiltless of this blood
Who will attest? Yet by thy side,
Haply, as thy accomplice, stood
The Fury who doth here preside.
Through streams of kindred gore
Presseth grim Ares on to claim
Requital for the deed of shame;—
The clotted blood of babes devoured of yore.

Woe! woe!

King! King! thee how shall I bewail?
How voice my heartfelt grief? Thou liest there
Entangled in the spider's guileful snare,
In impious death thy life thou dost exhale.
Ah me! ah me! to death betrayed,
Sped by the two-edged blade,
On servile couch now ignominious laid.

φρενὸς ἐκ φιλίας τί ποτ' εἶπω;
 κεῖσαι δ' ἀράχνης ἐν ὑφάσματι τῷδ'
 ἄσεβεῖ θανάτῳ βίον ἐκπνέων.
 ὦμοι μοι κοίταν τάνδ' ἀνελεύθερον
 δολίῳ μόρῳ δαμείς δάμαρτος
 ἐκ χερὸς ἀμφιτόμῳ βελέμνῳ.

Κλ. αὐχεῖς εἶναι τόδε τοῦργον ἐμόν·
 μηδ' ἐπιλεχθῆς
 Ἄγαμεμνονίαν εἶναί μ' ἄλοχον.
 φανταζόμενος δὲ γυναικὶ νεκροῦ
 τοῦδ' ὁ παλαιὸς δριμύς ἀλάστωρ
 Ἀτρέως χαλεποῦ θοινατῆρος
 τόνδ' ἀπέτισεν,
 τέλεον νεαροῖς ἐπιθύσας.

στρ. ε'.

Χο. ὥς μὲν ἀναίτιος εἶ
 τοῦδε φόνου τίς ὁ μαρτυρήσων;
 πῶ πῶ; πατρόθεν δὲ συλλή-
 πτωρ γένοιτ' ἂν ἀλάστωρ.
 βιάζεται δ' ὁμοσπόροις
 ἐπιρροαῖσιν αἱμάτων
 μέλας Ἄρης, ὅποι δίκαν προβαίνων
 πάχνα κουροβόρῳ παρέξει.

ἀντ. δ'.

ἰὼ ἰὼ βασιλεῦ βασιλεῦ,
 πῶς σε δακρύσω;

ἐφυμν. β'.

φρενὸς ἐκ φιλίας τί ποτ' εἶπω;
 κεῖσαι δ' ἀράχνης ἐν ὑφάσματι τῷδ'
 ἄσεβεῖ θανάτῳ βίον ἐκπνέων.
 ὦμοι μοι κοίταν τάνδ' ἀνελεύθερον
 δολίῳ μόρῳ δαμείς δάμαρτος
 ἐκ χερὸς ἀμφιτόμῳ βελέμνῳ.

Cly. By no unjust decree
Perished this man, for he
Through guile hath household death enacted
here:—

His proper child he slew,
Sweet bud from me that grew,
Iphigenia, wept with many a tear.
Foul quittance for foul deed;—
He reaped the sword's due meed, .
Hence no proud boast from him let Hades hear!

Cho. Perplexed I am, bewildered sore
Which way to turn; escape is vain
Totters the house; I dread the crimson rain
That with loud plashing shakes these walls;
no more
Falleth in niggard droppings now the gore.
And bent on deed of mischief, Fate anew
On other whetstones, whetteth vengeance due.

Earth! Earth! oh hadst thou been
My shroud ere I my king
Prone in the silver-sided bath hath seen!
Who will inter him? Who his dirge shall sing?
So hardy thou? Wilt thou who didst assail
Thy husband's life, thyself uplift the wail?
Wilt to his shade, for the great deeds he
wrought,
Render a graceless grace, with malice fraught?
With tears of honest grief
Weeping the godlike chief,
Above the tomb who now shall raise
The funeral hymn? Who speak the hero's praise?

ΚΑ. οὐδὲ γὰρ οὗτος δολίαν ἄτην

ἀντ. ε'.

οἴκοισιν ἔθηκ' ;

ἀλλ' ἐμὸν ἐκ τοῦδ' ἔρνος ἀερθέν,

τὴν πολυκλαύτην Ἰφιγενείαν,

ἄξια δράσας ἄξια πάσχων

μηδὲν ἐν Ἄιδου μεγαλαυχεῖτω,

ξιφοδηλήτῳ

θανάτῳ τίσας ἄπερ ἤρξεν.

ΧΟ. ἀμηχανῶ φροντίδος στερηθεῖς

στρ. 5'.

εὐπάλαμον μέριμναν

ὅπα τράπωμαι, πίτνοντος οἴκου.

δέδοικα δ' ὄμβρου κτύπον δομοσφαλῇ

τὸν αἵματηρόν· ψακὰς δὲ λήγει.

δίκην δ' ἐπ' ἄλλο πρᾶγμα θηγάνει βλάβης

πρὸς ἄλλαις θηγάναισι Μοῖρα.

ἰὼ γὰ γὰ, εἴθ' ἔμ' ἐδέξω,

ἐφ. γ'. (ἀντ. β'.)

πρὶν τόνδ' ἐπιδεῖν ἀργυροτοίχου

δροίτας κατέχοντα χαμεύνην.

τίς ὁ θάψων νιν; τίς ὁ θρηνήσων;

ἦ σὺ τόδ' ἔρξαι τλήσει, κτείνασ'

ἄνδρα τὸν αὐτῆς ἀποκωκῦσαι,

ψυχῇ τ' ἄχαριν χάριν ἀντ' ἔργων

μεγάλων ἀδίκως ἐπικρᾶναι;

τίς δ' ἐπιτύμβιον αἶνον ἐπ' ἀνδρὶ θείῳ

σὺν δακρύοις ἰάπτων

ἀλαθείᾳ φρενῶν πονήσει;

Cly. Not thine the task to counsel here.
By us he fell: this man we slew;
Ours be it to inurn him too;
Borne from the palace, o'er the bier
Shall sound no notes of wailing;—no,
But him, with blandishments, shall meet
Iphigenia; by the rapid streams
Of Acheron, his daughter, as beseems,
Facing her father, shall around him throw
Her loving arms, and him with kisses greet.

Cho. That taunt still answers taunt we see.
Here to adjudge is hard indeed.
Spoiled be the spoiler; who sheds blood must
bleed.
While Zeus surviveth shall this law survive.
Doer must suffer; 'tis the Fates' decree;
Who from the house the fated curse may drive?
The race is welded to calamity.

Cly. Ay! now on Truth thou dost alight!
I with the demon of this race—
The Pleisthenid—an oath will plight.
My doom, though grievous, I embrace.
But for the rest, hence let him haste!
Leaving this house, let him another race
Harass with kindred murders. For myself,
When from these halls blood-frenzy I have
chased,
Small pittance shall I crave of worldly pelf.

Exit CLYTAEMNESTRA.

ΚΛ. οὐ σὲ προσήκει τὸ μέλημ' ἀλέγειν στρ. ζ'.
 τοῦτο· πρὸς ἡμῶν
 κάππεσε, κάτθανε, καὶ καταθάψομεν
 οὐχ ὑπὸ κλαυθμῶν τῶν ἐξ οἴκων, . .
 ἀλλ' Ἰφιγένειά νιν ἀσπασίως
 θυγάτηρ, ὡς χρή,
 πατέρ' ἀντιάσασα πρὸς ὠκύπορον
 πόρθμευμ' ἀχέων
 περὶ χεῖρε βαλοῦσα φιλήσει.

ΧΟ. ὄνειδος ἥκει τόδ' ἀντ' ὀνειδούς. ἀντ. σ'.
 δύσμαχα δ' ἔστι κρῖναι.
 φέρει φέροντ', ἐκτίνει δ' ὁ καίνων.
 μίμνει δὲ μίμνοντος ἐν θρόνῳ Διὸς
 παθεῖν τὸν ἔρξαντα· θέσμιον γάρ.
 τίς ἂν γονὰν ἀραῖον ἐκβάλοι δόμων;
 κεκόλληται γένος πρὸς ἄτα.

ΚΛ. ἐς τόνδ' ἐνέβη ξὺν ἀληθείᾳ ἀντ. ζ'.
 χρησμός. ἐγὼ δ' οὔν
 ἐθέλω δαίμονι τῷ Πλεισθениδῶν
 ὄρκους θεμένῃ τάδε μὲν στέργειν,
 δύστλητά περ ὄνθ'· ὃ δὲ λοιπόν, ἰόντ'
 ἐκ τῶνδε δόμων ἄλλην γενεὰν
 τρίβειν θανάτοις αὐθένταισι·
 κτείνων τε μέρος
 βαιὸν ἐχούσῃ πᾶν ἀπόχρη μοι
 μανίας μελάθρων
 ἀλληλοφόνους ἀφελούσῃ.

Exit CLYTEMNESTRA.

Enter AEGISTHUS.

Aeg. Hail, joyous light of justice-bearing day !
At length I can aver that gods supernal,
Judges of men, look down on earthly woes,
Beholding, in the Erinyes' woven robes,
This man, thus prostrate, welcome sight to me,
The wiles atoning compassed by his sire.
For Atreus, Argos' ruler, this man's father,
Did from the city and his home expel
Thyestes, rival in the sovereignty,—
My father, to be plain, and his own brother.
But coming back, a suppliant of the hearth,
Wretched Thyestes found a lot secure,
Not doomed his natal soil with blood to stain,
Here in his home : but this man's godless sire,
Atreus, with zeal officious more than kind,
Feigning a joyous banquet-day to hold,
Served to my sire, for food, his children's flesh.
Their feet indeed, the members of their
 hands,—
Seated aloof, in higher place, he hides.
Partaking of the undistinguished parts,
In ignorance, Thyestes eats the food,
Curse-laden, as thou seest, to the race.
Discerning then the impious deed, he shrieked,
And back recoiling the foul slaughter spewed.
Spurning, with righteous curse, th' insulted
 board
Dread doom he vows to the Pelopidæ;—
“So perish the whole race of Pleisthenes.”
Hence is it that ye see this man laid low

Enter AEGISTHUS.

ΑΙ. ὦ φέγγος εὖφρον ἡμέρας δικηφόρου.
 φαίην ἂν ἤδη νῦν βροτῶν τιμαόρους
 θεοὺς ἄνωθεν γῆς ἐποπτεύειν ἄχῃ,
 ἰδὼν ὑφαντοῖς ἐν πέπλοις Ἑρινύων
 τὸν ἄνδρα τόνδε κείμενον φίλως ἐμοί,
 χερὸς πατρῶας ἐκτίνοντα μηχανάς.
 Ἄτρεὺς γὰρ ἄρχων τῇσδε γῆς, τούτου πατήρ,
 πατέρα Θυέστην τὸν ἐμόν, ὡς τορῶς φράσαι,
 αὐτοῦ δ' ἀδελφόν, ἀμφίλεκτος ὦν κρίτει,
 ἠνδρηλάτησεν ἐκ πόλεως τε καὶ δόμων.
 καὶ προστρόπαιος ἐστίας μολὼν πάλιν
 τλήμων Θυέστης μοῖραν ἡῦρετ' ἀσφαλῆ,
 τὸ μὴ θανὼν πατρῶον αἰμάξαι πέδον.
 ξένια δὲ τοῦδε δύσθεος πατήρ, πατρὶ
 τῶμῳ, κρεουργὸν ἡμαρ εὐθύμως ἄγειν
 δοκῶν, παρέσχε δαῖτα παιδείων κρεῶν.
 τὰ μὲν ποδῆρήν καὶ χερῶν ἄκρους κτένας
 ἔθρυπτ' ἄνωθεν ἀνδρακὰς καθήμενος
 ἄσημ'. ὁ δ' αὐτῶν αὐτίκ' ἀγνοίᾳ λαβὼν
 ἔσθει βορὰν ἄσωτον, ὡς ὀρέῃς, γένει.
 κἄπειτ' ἐπιγνοὺς ἔργον οὐ καταίσιον
 ὦμωξεν, ἀμπίπτει δ' ἀπὸ σφαγῆν ἐρῶν,
 μόρον δ' ἄφερτον Πελοπίδαις ἐπεύχεται,
 λάκτισμα δείπνου ξυνδικῶς τιθεὶς ἀρᾷ,
 οὕτως ὀλέσθαι πᾶν τὸ Πλεισθένους γένος.
 ἐκ τῶνδ' εἰ σοὶ πεσόντα τόνδ' ἰδεῖν πάρα.

The righteous planner of his death am I.
For me, the thirteenth child, in swathing
clothes,

He with my wretched sire, to exile drove.
But, grown to manhood, Justice led me back,
And I, although aloof, have reached this man,
The threads combining of the fatal plot.
Now for myself 'twere glorious to die,
Seeing this man entrapped in Justice' toils.

Cho. To honour insolence in guilt, Ægisthos,
I know not;—that with purpose thou didst kill
This man, thou boastest; of his piteous doom
Sole author thou:—I tell thee thine own head
To Justice brought, be sure shall not escape
The curse of stoning by the people's hand.

Aeg. Plying the lowest oar, dost menace us
Who from the upper benches sway the helm?
Being old thou know'st how bitter at thy years
Wisdom by stern necessity to learn.
But bonds and hunger-pangs, to cure the mind
Of stubborn eld, are skilful leeches found.
Hast eyes, yet seest not this? Against the
pricks
Kick not, [for fear thou strike them to thy
hurt.

Cho. Woman, in watch for men who warred afar!
Home-keeping stainer of a warrior's bed!
Plotter of death for him who led the host!]*

Aeg. These words will fountains be of bitter tears.
Thy tongue the opposite to Orpheus is;
For he drew all by rapture of his voice,
While thou, by idle bark, dost all things stir

* Altered from Miss Swanwick's version, in accordance with the revised text.

καὶ γὰρ δίκαιος τοῦδε τοῦ φόνου ῥαφεύς.
 τρίτον γὰρ ὄντα μ' ἐπὶ δυσαθλίῳ πατρὶ
 συνεξελαύνει τυτθὸν ὄντ' ἐν σπαργάνοις·
 τραφέντα δ' αὖθις ἢ δίκη κατήγαγεν.
 καὶ τοῦδε τάνδρὸς ἡψάμην θυραῖος ὢν,
 πᾶσαν συνάψας μηχανὴν δυσβουλίας.
 οὕτω καλὸν δὴ καὶ τὸ κατθανεῖν ἐμοί,
 ἰδόντα τοῦτον τῆς δίκης ἐν ἔρκεσιν.

Χο. Αἰγισθ', ὑβρίζειν ἐν κακοῖσιν οὐ σέβω.
 σὺ δ' ἄνδρα τόνδε φῆς ἐκὼν κατακτανεῖν,
 μόνος δ' ἔποικτον τόνδε βουλευσάμενος φόνον·
 οὐ φημ' ἀλύξειν ἐν δίκῃ τὸ σὸν κῆρα
 δημορριφεῖς, σάφ' ἴσθι, λευσίμους ἄρας.

Αἰ. σὺ ταῦτα φωνεῖς νερτέρᾳ προσήμενος
 κώπῃ, κρατούντων τῶν ἐπὶ ζυγῷ δορός;
 γνώσει γέρον ὦν ὡς διδάσκεσθαι βαρὺ
 τῷ τηλικούτῳ, σωφρονεῖν εἰρημένον.
 δεσμὸς δὲ καὶ τὸ γῆρας αἴ τε νήστιδες
 δύαι διδάσκουσιν ἐξοχώταται φρενῶν
 ἰατρομάντις. οὐχ ὁρᾷς ὁρῶν τάδε;
 πρὸς κέντρα μὴ λίκτιζε, μὴ παίσας μογῆς.

Χο. γύναι, σὺ τοὺς ἤκοντας ἐκ μάχης μένων
 οἰκουρὸς εὐνὴν ἀνδρὸς αἰσχύνας ἅμα
 ἀνδρὶ στρατηγῷ τόνδ' ἐβούλευσας μόρον;

Αἰ. καὶ ταῦτα τᾶπη κλαυμάτων ἀρχηγενῇ.
 Ὅρφεϊ δὲ γλώσσαν τὴν ἐναντίαν ἔχεις.
 ὁ μὲν γὰρ ἦγε πάντ' ἀπὸ φθογγῆς χαρᾶ,
 σὺ δ' ἐξορίνας νηπίοις ὑλάγμασιν

To hate;—when conquered, thou wilt tamer
show.

Cho. Shalt thou be ruler of the Argives, thou,
Who, when that thou hadst plotted this man's
death,

Didst courage lack to strike the blow thyself?

Aeg. To spread the snare was plainly woman's part,
For I, his ancient foeman, was suspect;
But armed with this man's treasure, be it mine
To rule the citizens. 'Th' unruly colt
That, barley-fed, turns restive, I will bind
With heavier thong than yokes the trace-
horse;—him,
Darkness' grim comrade, Famine, shall see
tamed.

Cho. This man why didst thou not, O base of soul,
Slaughter thyself? But him his wife, with thee,
The land polluting, and her country's gods,
Hath slain. Orestes, sees he still the light,
That, home-returning with auspicious Fate,
He may, with mighty stroke, deal death to
both?

Aeg. Since thou art minded thus to act, not talk
alone, know quickly.

Come on, my faithful body-guard, the fray is
not far distant.

Cho. Come on then, and with hand on hilt, his
sword let each make ready.

Aeg. Be well assured, with hand on hilt, to die I
too refuse not.

Cho. To die,—thine utterance we accept, and take
as thy death-omen.

ἄξει· κρατηθεὶς δ' ἡμερώτερος φανεί.

Χο. ὥς δὴ σύ μοι τύραννος Ἀργείων ἔσει,
ὃς οὐκ, ἐπειδὴ τῷδ' ἐβούλευσας μόρον,
δρᾶσαι τόδ' ἔργον οὐκ ἔτλης αὐτοκτόνως.

Αἱ. τὸ γὰρ δολῶσαι πρὸς γυναικὸς ἦν σαφῶς·
ἐγὼ δ' ὑποπτος ἐχθρὸς ἦ παλαιγενής.
ἐκ τῶν δὲ τοῦδε χρημάτων πειράσομαι
ἄρχειν πολιτῶν· τὸν δὲ μὴ πειθάνορα
ζεύξω βαρείαις οὔτι μοι σειραφόρον
κριθῶντα πῶλον· ἀλλ' ὁ δυσφιλεῖ σκότῳ
λιμὸς ξύνοικος μαλθακὸν σφ' ἐπόψεται.

Χο. τί δὴ τὸν ἄνδρα τόνδ' ἀπὸ ψυχῆς κακῆς
οὐκ αὐτὸς ἠνάριζες, ἀλλὰ νιν γυνή
χώρας μίασμα καὶ θεῶν ἐγχωρίων
ἔκτειν' ; Ὁρέστης ἄρά που βλέπει φάος,
ὅπως κατελθὼν δεῦρο πρευμενεῖ τύχῃ
ἀμφοῖν γένηται τοῖνδε παγκρατῆς φονεύς ;

Αἱ. ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ δοκεῖς τάδ' ἔρδειν καὶ λέγειν, γινώσκει
τάχα.

Χο.

Αἱ. εἶα δὴ, φίλοι λοχῖται, τοῦργον οὐχ ἐκὰς τόδε.

Χο. εἶα δὴ, ξίφος πρόκωπον πᾶς τις εὐτρεπιζέτω.

Αἱ. ἀλλὰ μὴν καὶ γὰρ πρόκωπος οὐκ ἀναίνομαι θανεῖν.

Χο. δεχομένοις λέγεις θανεῖν σε· τὴν τύχην δ' αἰ-
ρούμεθα.

CLYTAEMNESTRA *re-enters*.

Cly. Dearest of husbands let us not, I pray, work
further mischief.

Already in our many woes reaped have we
wretched harvests.

Of sorrow there hath been enough; let us
forbear more bloodshed.

Go thou, and ye too aged men, seek your
appointed mansions,

Ere aught ye do to work mischance. As fate
enjoined we've acted.

If trouble is the lot of man, enough have we
encountered;

Sore smitten by the heavy hoof of some
avenging demon.

Thus ye a woman's counsel have, if any deign
to hearken.

Aeg. To think that their vain tongue 'gainst me
into such speech should blossom;—

That they should hurl forth words like these,
their proper doom thus tempting:

They against sober reason err, thus to insult
their ruler.

Cho. Upon the evil man to fawn is not the wont
of Argives.

Aeg. But, be assured, some future day, I yet shall
overtake you.

Cho. Not so if hither to return some god should
guide Orestes.

Aeg. Full well I know that exiles still on hopes
are wont to batten.

CLYTAEMNESTRA *re-enters*.

ΚΛ. μηδαμῶς, ὦ φίλτατ' ἀνδρῶν, ἄλλα δράσωμεν
κακά.

ἀλλὰ καὶ τάδ' ἐξαμῆσαι πολλὰ δύστηνον θέρος·
πημονῆς δ' ἄλις γ' ὑπάρχει· μηδὲν αἵματώμεθα.
στεῖχε καὶ σὺ χοῖ γέροντες πρὸς δόμους πεπ-
ρωμένους,

πρὶν παθεῖν ἔρξαντες· ἀρκεῖν χρήν τάδ' ὥς
ἐπράξαμεν.

εἰ δέ τοι μόχθων γένοιτο τῶνδ' ἄλις, δεχοίμεθ' ἄν,
δαίμονος χηλῇ βαρεῖα δυστυχῶς πεπληγμένοι.
ὦδ' ἔχει λόγος γυναικός, εἴ τις ἀξιοῖ μαθεῖν.

ΑΙ. ἀλλὰ τούσδ' ἐμοὶ ματαίαν γλῶσσαν ὦδ' ἀπαν-
θίσαι

κάκβαλεῖν ἔπη τοιαῦτα δαίμονος πειρωμένους,
σώφρονος γνώμης δ' ἁμαρτεῖν τὸν κρατοῦντά
· θ' ὑβρίσαι.

ΧΟ. οὐκ ἂν Ἀργείων τόδ' εἴη, φῶτα προσσαίνειν
κακόν.

ΑΙ. ἀλλ' ἐγὼ σ' ἐν ὑστέraisιν ἡμέραις μέτειμ' ἔτι.

ΧΟ. οὐκ, ἐὰν δαίμων Ὀρέστην δεῦρ' ἀπευθύνη μολεῖν.

ΑΙ. οἶδ' ἐγὼ φεύγοντας ἄνδρας ἐλπίδας σιτουμένους.

Cho. Work as thou listest. Gorge thy fill. Stain
justice. Thou canst do it.

Aeg. Be sure that thou to me shalt pay the forfeit
of thy folly.

Cho. Be boastful and be bold, like cock beside his
partner strutting.

Cly. These senseless barkings heed not thou ; thy-
self and I together,

Ruling within these royal halls, will all things
wisely order.

Exeunt CLYTAEMNESTRA and AEGISTHUS into palace.

The CHORUS cross the stage slowly and disappear
through the Lion Gate.

End of ACT III.

ΧΟ. πρᾶσσε, πιαίνου, μαιίνων τὴν δίκην, ἐπεὶ πάρα.

ΑΙ. ἴσθι μοι δώσων ἄποινα τῇσδε μωρίας χάριν.

ΧΟ. κόμπασον θαρσῶν, ἀλέκτωρ ὥστε θηλείας πέλας.

ΚΛ. μὴ προτιμήσης ματαίων τῶνδ' ὑλαγμάτων· ἐγὼ

καὶ σὺ θήσομεν κρατοῦντε τῶνδε δωμάτων

καλῶς.

Exeunt CLYTAEMNESTRA and AEGISTHUS into palace.

The CHORUS cross the stage slowly and disappear through the Lion Gate.

End of ACT III.

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